



*Pictor adumbravit Vultum quem cernimus. qđ hic
Non valet egregias pingere mentis Opes.
Has ei scire cupis, sua consulo Carmina, in illis
Voces percipies pectoris eximias.*

*What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
Onely the shaddow of that bridle case
Wherin were treasur'd up those Gems, which he
Hath left behind him to Posteritie.* M. R.

W. H. Smith



*Pictor adumbravit Vultum quem cernimus. qđ hic
Non valet egregias pingere mentis Opes.
Has ei scire cupis, sua consulo Carmina, in illis
Voces percipies pectoris eximias.*

*What heere wee see is but a Graven face,
Onely the shaddow of that bridle case
Wherin were treasur'd up those Gems, which he
Hath left behind him to Posteritie.* M. R.

W. H. Smith

23
S O L O M O N S
R E C A N T A T I O N,
ENTITLED
ECCLESIASTES,
PARAPHRASED.

With a SOLILOQUIE or Meditation
upon every Chapter.

Very Seasonable and Usefull for these times.

By FRANCIS QUARLES.

WITH
A SHORT RELATION OF
His LIFE and DEATH.

The third Edition.

O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!

L O N D O N.

Printed for RICHARD ROYSTON, and are to be sold at his Shop
at the Signe of the *Angel* in *Ivy-Lane*. 1648.



A SHORT RELATION
Of the *Life and Death* of M^r. FRANCIS QUARLES,
BY
URSULA QUARLES, his sorrowfull Widow.

THough it be inconsistent with the duty of a Wife, to be injurious in any respect to her Husband; yet in this my bold undertaking I fear I shall be so to mine: which I doubt not but he would have forgiven, if he had been living, as proceeding from love; and I hope his friends will pardon (now he is dead) as being the last duty I can perform to a loving Husband. Those that see with what pen his *Works* are written, will say his *Life* deserved a more skilful Artist to set it forth: which office though many might have been procured to undertake; and to which I doubt not, but some would voluntarily have offered themselves, if they had known that such a thing had been intended: yet have I (with much zeal, though small discretion) adventured upon it my self, as being fully assured that none can be more sensible of the losse of him, then I, though thousands might have expressed that losse to the world with more Art and better judgement.

He was a Gentleman both by birth and descent: descended of an ancient Family, and yet (which is rare in these last and worst times) he was an ornament to his Ancestors. His Father was *James Quarles of Rumford Esquire*, Clerk of the Green-cloth, and Purveyor of the Navie to *Queen Elizabeth*, and younger brother to *Sir Robert Quarles*. His education was suitable to his birth; first, at schools in the Country, where his School-fellows will say, he surpassed all his equals; afterward at *Christs Colledge in Cambridge*, where how he profited, I am not able to judge, but am fully assured by men of much learning and judgement, that his *Works* in very many places doe sufficiently testifie more then ordinary fruits of his Vniversity studies. Last of all, he was transplanted from thence to *Lincolns Inne*, where for some years he studied the *Laws of England*; not so much out of desire to benefit himself thereby, as his friends and neighbours, (shewing therein his continuall inclination to peace) by composing suits and differences amongst them.

After he came to maturity, he was not desirous to put himself into the world, otherwise he might have had greater preferments then he had: He was neither so unfit for Court preferment, nor so ill beloved there, but that he might have raised his fortunes thereby, if he had had any inclination that way. But his mind was chiefly set upon his devotion and study: yet not altogether so much, but that he faithfully discharged the place of *Cup-bearer* to the *Queen of Bohemia*, and the office of *Secretary* to the Reverend and learned Lord Primate of *Ireland*, that now is; and of *Chronologer* to the famous City of *London*; which place he held to his death, and would have given that City (and the world) a

The Life of the Author.

testimony that he was their faithfull servant therein, if it had pleased God to blesse him with life to perfect what he had begun. He was the Husband of one Wife, by whom he had eighteen children; and how faithful and loving he was, my pen and their tears are not able to expresse.

In all his duties to God and man, he was conscionable and orderly: He preferred God and Religion to the first place in his thoughts, his King & Country to the second, his Family and Studies he reserved to the last. As for God, he was frequent in his devotions and prayers to him, and almost constant in reading or meditating on his holy Word, as his *Divine Faucies* and other parts of his *Works* will sufficiently testifie. For his Religion, he was a true son of the Church of *England*; an even Protestant, not in the least degree biaised to this hand of superstition, or that of schisme, though both those Factions were ready to cry him down for his inclination to the contrary. His love to his King and Country in these late unhappie times of distraction, was manifest, in that he used his pen, and powred out his continuall prayers and tears to quench this miserable fire of dissention, while too many others added daily fiewell unto it. And for his family, his care was very great over that, even then, when his occasions caused his absence from it. And when he was at home his exhortations to us to continue in virtue and godly life, were so pious and frequent; his admonitions so grave and piercing; his reprehensions so mild and gentle, and (above all) his own example in every religious and morall duty, so constant and manifest, that his equall may be desired, but can hardly be met withall.

Neither was his good example of a godly life contained only with in his own Family: others as well as we, have (or at least might have) made good use of it. For he was not addicted to any notorious vice whatsoever: He was courteous, and affable to all; moderate and discreet in all his actions: And though it be too frequent a fault (as we see by experience) in Gentlemen whose dispositions incline them to the study of Poetry, to be loose and debauch'd in their lives and conversations; yet was it very far from him: Their delight could not be greater in the Tavern, then his was in his Study; to which he devoted himself late and early, usually by three a clock in the morning. The fruits thereof are best tasted by those, who have most perused his *Works*, and therefore I shall be silent in that particular. For though it had been necessary in another to have spoken somewhat of his *writings*; yet I hope it will not be expected from me, seeing that neither the judgement of my Sex can be thought competent, nor (if it were) would the nearnesse of my relation to him suffer me to praise that, or commendations whereof from others, I have often blushed.

I shall therefore rather desire leave to speak a word or two concerning the blessed end of my dear Husband, which was every way answerable to his godly life; or rather (indeed) surpassed it. For as gold is purified in the fire, so were all his Christian virtues more refined and remarkable during the time of his sickness.

His patience was wonderfull, insoimuch as he would confesse no pain, even then when all his friends perceived his disease to be mortall; but still rendred thanks to God for his speciall love to him, in taking him into his own hands to chastise, while others were exposed to the fury of their enemies, the power of pistols, and the trampling of horses.

He

The Life of the Authour.

He exprest great sorrow for his sins, and when it was told him, that his friends conceived he did thereby much harm to himself: he answered, *They were not his friends, that would not give him leave to be penitent.*

His Exhortations to his friends that came to visit him were most divine; wishing them to have a care of the expence of their time, and every day to call themselves to an accompt, that so when they come to their bed of sicknesse, they might lie upon it with a rejoycing heart. And doubtlesse such an one was his: Insomuch as he thanked God, that whereas he might have justly expected, that his conscience should look him in the face like a Lyon, it rather looked upon him like a Lamb: and that God had forgiven him his sins, and that night sealed him his pardon: And many other heavenly expressions to the like effect. I might here adde what blessed advice he gave to me in particular, *still to trust in God, whose promise is, to provide for the Widow and Fatherlesse, &c.* but this is already imprinted in my heart; and therefore I shall not need here again to insert it.

His charity was extraordinary, in freely forgiving his greatest enemies, even those who were the cause of his sicknesse, and by consequence of his death. For, whereas a Petition full of unjust aspersions, was preferred against him by eight men, (whereof he knew not any two, nor they him, save only by sight) the first news of it struck him so to the heart, that he never recovered it, but said plainly, *it would be his death.* And when his friends (to comfort him) told him that Mr. I.S. (the chief promoter thereof) was called to an accompt for it, and would go neer to be punished; his answer was, *God forbid, I seek not revenge, I freely forgive him, and the rest; onely I desire to be vindicated from their unjust aspersions; especially, [that for ought they know I may be a Papist] whereas I never spake word to any of them in my life.* Which imputation, how slanderous it was, may easily be discovered by a passage in his greatest extremity, wherein his discretion may (perhaps) be taxed by some, but his Religion cannot be questioned by any. For, a very able Doctor of the Romish Religion, being sent unto him by a friend, he would not take what he had prescribed, onely because he was a Papist.

These were the remarkable passages in him during his sicknesse: The rest of the time he spent in Contemplation of God, and meditating upon his Word; especially upon Christs sufferings, and what a benefit those have, that by faith could lay hold on him, and what vertue there was in the least drop of his precious blood: intermingling here and there many devout prayers and ejaculations; which continued with him as long as his speech: and after, as we could perceive by some imperfect expressions: At which time a friend of his exhorting him to apply himself to finish his course here, and prepare himself for the world to come; he spake in Latin to this effect (as I am told) *O dulcis Salvator mundi, sint tua ultima verba in Cruce, mea ultima verba in luce: In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum. Et qua ore meo fari non possint, ab animo & corde sint à te accepta.* O sweet Saviour of the world, let thy last words upon the Crosse, be my last words in this world: Into thy hands Lord I commend my spirit: And what I cannot utter with my mouth, accept from my heart and soul. Which words being uttered distinctly,

Vide Psal. 31. ver. 7. & 20. I have hated them that hold of superstitious vanities: and my trust hath been in the Lord.

Let the lying lips be put to silence: which cruelly, disdainfully, and despitously speak against the righteous.

The Life of the Author.

to the understanding of his friend, he fell again into his former Contemplations and Prayers; and so quietly gave up his soul to God, the eighth day of September, 1644. after he had lived two and fifty years, and lyeth buried in the Parish Church of S. Foster, London.

Thus departed that blessed soul, whose losse I have great reason to bewail, and many others in time will be sensible of. But my particular comfort is in his dying words, that *God will be a Husband to the Widow*: And that which may comfort others as well as me, is (what a reverend Divine wrote to a friend concerning his death) that *our losse is gain to him, who could not live in a worse age, nor die in a better time.*

And here again, I humbly beg the Readers pardon. For I cannot expect but to be censured, by some for writing thus much, and by others for writing no more. To both which, my excuse is, my want of ability and judgement in matters of this nature. I was more averse (indeed) from meddling with the Petition, then any other thing I have touched upon; lest (perhaps) it should be thought to favour a little of revenge; but God is my witnesse I had no such intention. My only aim and scope was, to fulfil the desires and commands of my dying Husband. Who wished all his friends to take notice, and make it known, that *as he was trained up and lived in the true Protestant Religion, so in that Religion he died.*

URSULA QUARLES.



A Letter from a learned Divine upon the news of the Death of Master Quarles.

My worthy friend M. Hawkins.

Postscript.

I Received your Letter joyfully, but the news (wherein contained) sadly and heavily. It met me upon my return home from Sturbridge; and did work on my self and wife, I pray God it may work kindly on us all. We have lost a true friend; and were the losse only mine or yours, it were the lesse, but thousands have a losse in him; yea, the Generations which shall come after will lament it. But our losse is gain to him, (who could not live in a worse age, nor die in a better time) let us endeavour like good Gamesters to make the best we may of this throw, cast us by the hand of Gods good Providence, that it may likewise prove gain to us; which will be, if in case we draw nearer unto him, and take off our hearts from all earthly hopes and comforts; using this world as if we used it not; so shall we rejoyce as if we rejoyced not in their using, and mourn as if we mourned not in the parting with them.

Essex.

Sept. 12. 1644.

Your assured friend

Nehemiah Rogers.

SOLOMONS Recantation,

Intituled

ECCLESIASTES.

C A P. I.

1 The Preacher sheweth that all humane courses are vain : 4 Because the creatures are restlesse in their courses, 9 They bring forth nothing new, and all old things are forgotten, 12 And because he hath found it so in the studies of Wisdome.

THUS sayes the best of Preachers and of Kings, *Vers. 1.*

Thus *Solomon* the Sonne of *David* sings:

The greatestt happinesse that earth can prize
Is all mostt vain, and vaineest vanities. 2.

What profit can accrue to man : what gains 3.
Can crown his actions, or reward his pains :

Beneath the Orbe of heavens surrounding Sun,
What worth his labour hath his labour done :

One Generation giues another way, 4.
But earth abids in one perpetuall stay :

The Prince of Light puts on his morning Crown, 5.
And in the Evening layes his glory down :

Where leaving earth to take a short repose,
He soon returns, and rises where he rose :

The troubled Ayre provokes the southern States, 6.
And then it blusters at the Borean gates ;

It whirls about in his uncertaine spheare,
And rides his unknown Circuit ev'ry where ;

- Verſ. 7. All Rivers to the Seas their tribute yield,
 And yet th'Hydropick Seas are never fill'd,
 Their ſliding ſtreames purſue their paſſage home,
 And drive their haſty tides frō whence they come.
8. The world is all compos'd of change; nor can
 Her vanity be Character'd by Man:
 The eye's not ſatisfi'd; and what we heare,
 Fills not the Concave of th'infatiate eare:
9. The thing that heretofore hath been, we ſee
 Is but the ſame that is, and is to be:
 And what is done, is what is to be done;
 There's nothing that is new beneath the Sunne.
10. What Novelty can earth proclaim, and ſay,
 It had no Precedent before this day?
 No, no, there's nothing modern times can owne,
 The which precedent Ages have not known:
11. The deeds of former days expire their date
 In our collaps'd Memories, and what
 Times early ſunſhine hath not ripened yet,
 Succeeding Generations ſhall forget.
12. I *Solomon*, whoſe choice affections owne
 The Churches ſervice dearer then my Throne,
 Was choſen and anointed King, and now
 Wear Iſraels Crown upon my ſtudious brow:
13. I bent my heart, by wiſdome, to deſcry
 What ere ſubſiſts beneath the ſpangled ſky;
 With ſuch hard travel hath our God thought good
 To exerciſe the ſouls of fleſh and blood.
14. My thoughts have ponder'd all that hath been done
 Betwixt the ſolid Center and the Sunne,
 And loe! the object of my Contemplation
 Is but meer vanity, and ſouls vexation.
15. Not all this knowledge can reduce the ſtate
 Of crooked nature to a perfect ſtraight;

Nor

Nor summe our Ignorances, which surmount
The language of *Arithmeticks* Account. *Vers.*

I view'd my heart, and there found greater store
Of wisdom, then all those that liv'd before: 16.

No knowledge could remaine, no wisdom lye
Close from mine eare, nor clouded from mine eye.

I gave my all-enquiring heart to know
Not wisdom onely, but ev'n folly too: 17.

And I perceiv'd that all this Contemplation
Was vain, and nothing but the souls Vexation:

For he that labours for much wisdom, gains 18.
Grief in th'enjoyment; in pursuit but pains:

And who improves his knowledg, strives to borrow
A fair advantage to encrease his sorrow.

SOLILOQUIE I.

HOW are the vain desires of flesh and blood
Besfoold in that mistaken thing call'd good!

How Travell seeks it! How unwearied hearts

Make it the object both of Armes and Arts!

How many certaine obvious evils attend

The way to this uncertain Fournies end!

We tyre the night in thought, the day in toyl,

Spare neither sweat nor lubricated oyl,

To seek the thing we cannot find; or found,

We cannot hold; or held, we cannot ground

So firm, as to resist the various swings

Of fickle Fortune, or the frowns of Kings.

Poor fruitlesse labours of deluded Man!

How vainly are ye spent? How short a span

Of seeming pleasure serves ye to requite

Long Leagues of travell? For one drops delight

*Of airy Froth, how are ye forc'd to borrow
Strong Gales of Hope, to sail through seas of sorrow?*

*Why do we thus afflict our l. b'ring soules
With dregs of wormwood, and carouse full Bowls
Of boyling anguish? To what hopefull end
Droyl we our crazy bodies, and expend
Our sorrow-wasted spirits, to acquire
A Good, not worth a breath of our desire?
A Good, whose fulsome sweetnesse clogs and cloyes
The soul, but neither lasts nor satisfies:
How poore an Object pleases! And how soon
That pleasure finds an end! How quickly Noon
How quickly Night! And what to day we prize
Above our souls, to morrow we despise
Beneath a Trifle: What in former Times
We own'd as Vertue, now we tax as Crimes.*

*What is this World, but ev'n a great Exchange
Of dear-bought pen'worths, all compos'd of Change?
Where frothy Honour may be bought and sold
With heart-corrupting, eye-beguiling Gold:
Where sullen wealth, and friend-betraying treasure
May passe in barter for repented Pleasure:
Where painted sweetnesse (though a grain too light)
Shall buy a Lords Estate for one poor night:
Where unstain'd beauties youth shall buy an old
Breath-tainted Churl, diseas'd with Gouts and Gold:
Where Birthrights, Blessings, nay and souls to boot
(And yet not deem'd a pen'worth under foot)
Shall passe for fond delights: where very Names
Without an Alias, (to lay after Claimes
To a poor Lordship) shall be swept away
For Clods of earth, and those for one nights Play.*

*Tell me, my puzzled soul, what wouldst thou buy?
Goe in and cheapen: Let thy curious eye*

Make

Make her own choice : They will present thy view Vers.

With numerous joyes : Buy something that is new :

Alas ! there's nothing new beneath the skie. 9.

Look further ; further yet : Goe please thine eye,

Search, till the Object and thine eye agrees :

Thine eye's not satisfi'd with what it sees. 8.

Buy something that will last ; that will remain

To after dayes : All's momentary, all's vain. 2.

I, but my soul, here's fairer Merchandise,

Wisdom and Knowledge : That to make thee wise ; 16.

Thus, to instruct thee : Come, thou needst not fear

Too hard a bargain : Goe, and purchase there :

Alas ! much wisdom makes thy grief but double ; 18.

Encrease of Knowledge brings increase of trouble.

I, but my soul, the gracious eye of heaven

Hath smil'd upon thee. His full hand hath given

A large addition to thy thriv'n estate ;

Thy barns and bags are fill'd ; thy servants wait

Vpon thy businesse, and their shoulders bear

Thy fruitfull burdens, who like Pilots fear

Thy reeling vessell : Thou art richly endow'd

With Knowledge, Wisdom, Judgement, and allow'd

Some Grains to make thee weight : Me thinks, thy heart

So arm'd with strong Resolves should never start

At threatening evils : Me thinks, thy daring eye

(If all the Crystall Rafter of the skie

Should make one ruine, and that ruine fall

About thine eares) should be unmov'd at all.

No, no, my soul, 'tis neither Barn nor purse

Cramm'd up with coin or Corn, can balk the Curse

Entail'd upon thy sinne : Nor height of Blood,

Nor all that this mistaken Earth calls Good :

Nor very Knowledge, no nor Wisdom can

Exempt thee from the Common lot of Man. 17.

Vers. 16. The wisest Prince that ever blest a Nation
Found all things vain, and when enjoy'd, Vexation.

CAP. II.

1 The vanity of humane courses in the workes of pleasure. 12. Though the wise be better then the fool, yet both have but one event. 18. The vanity of humane labour, in leaving it they know not to whom. 24. Nothing better then joy in our labour, but that is Gods gift.

1. **S**ince knowledge then affords my soul no rest,
My roving thoughts tri'd mirth, & were possesse
Of all the pleasures earth could lend; yet I
Found mirth and pleasure all but vanity:
2. I laugh'd at laughter as a toyish Antick;
And counted all my mirth no lesse then frantick:
3. My heart (but wisely foolish) did encline
To costly fare, and frolick cups of wine,
That in these pleasures I might find some good,
To crown the short liv'd dayes of flesh and blood:
4. I built magnifick Palaces, did frame
Great buildings to the glory of my name:
I planted Vineyards, whose plump clusters might
Rejoyce my heart, and lend my soul delight:
5. I made me fruitfull Orchards for my pleasure,
And curious Gardens to refresh my leisure;
I stored them with trees, and these with Bowers,
And made a *Paradise* of fruits and flowers:
6. I made me standing pools, to entertain
My breathlesse guests and all their num'rous train:
I cut me Aqueducts, whose current flees
And water all my wildernesse of trees:

Armies

Armies of servants do attend my state,
 Both foreiners, and born within my gate:
 Herds I possess, and flocks above all them
 That reign'd before me in Jerusalem:
 Abundant silver, gold, and precious stones
 By Kings presented, my Exchequer owne:
 All sorts of Musick (earths delight) had I
 To feed mine ear, Beauties to please mine eye:
 Such State, magnificence, and princely store
 Wondring Jerus'lem never saw before:
 In all this pomp, my heart had not forgot
 The lawfull use: My wisdom fail'd me not:
 I gave mine eyes what ere mine eyes requir'd,
 Deny'd my heart no mirth my heart desir'd:
 For my poor hearts delight was all my gains,
 My pleasure was the portion of my paines.
 At length I cast my serious eye upon
 My painfull workes, & what my hands have done:
 But loe, beneath the Sun no contentation,
 All, all was vanity, and souls vexation.
 With that I turn'd my weary thoughts agen
 On wisdom, and the foolishnesse of men,
 (Search they that please to search, alas! the's none
 Can search the truth more strict then Solomon)
 When my impartiall Judgement did compare
 Folly with wisdom, this doth ev'n as farre
 Excell the other, as Meridian light
 Excels the shadows of the darkest night:
 The wise man eyes are in his head; They stand
 Like Watchmen in the Towre, to guard the land:
 But fools haunt darknesse; yet my selfe perceive
 The self-same los both fools and wisemen have.
 Ah! then (said I) if equall fortune lies
 For fools and me, what vantage to be wise?

7. Vers.

8.

9.

10.

11.

12.

13.

14.

15.

What

- Verf.* What profit hath my wisdom? Then thought I
The height of wisdom hath her Vanity.
16. The foolish Bauble, and the learned Bayes
Are both forgotten in succeeding dayes:
Impartial death shall close the dying eyes
Both of the fool, and also of the wise:
17. Therefore I hated life, for from th'events
Of humane actions flow my discontents:
Life spent in action, or in contemplation,
Is all but vanity, and souls Vexation.
18. I hated all that e'r my hands had done
In seeking happinesse beneath the Sunne;
For what I did I cannot call mine own,
Another's hand must reap, what mine hath sown.
19. Who knows if my success is to be
A wise man or a fool? Howe'r 'tis he
Must spend with ease, what I have earn'd with pain
And souls Vexation, this is also vain:
20. For which my soul (thus fool'd with vain pursuit
Of blossom'd happinesse that bears no fruit)
Whisper'd despair of all that I had done
To purchase perfect good beneath the Sunne.
21. Some men there be whose more elaborate gains
(The fruits of lawfull cares, and prudent pains)
Descend to those that knew not pains nor Art;
This is a vanity and afflicts the heart.
22. For what reward hath man of all his droyl
His ev'ning trouble, and his morning toyl,
His hearts vexation, and his griefs that run
Through all his labours underneath the Sun?
23. His dayes are sorrows; tedious griefs attend
His travail, hopelesse of a journies end,
His restless nights afford him closed eye
No slumbers: This is also vanity.

There's

There's nothing sweeter then to take repast
 Of meats and drinks, and now and then to cast
 Grieffs burthen off, and gently loole the rains
 By intermingling pleasures with our pains:
 But this, I know, lies not in our command,
 It is a blessing from th' Almightyes hand:
 For who can eat? what mortall can apply
 His heart to force a pleasure more then I? (mirth,
 Heaven gives the just man wisdom, knowledge,
 To sinners, travell, to heap earth to earth,
 Wherewith t'enrich the righteous Generation;
 This is his vanity, and soules Vexation.

SOLILOQUIE II.

BUt stay my soule! Art thou resolved, than,
 T' abjure delights, and turne Capuccian?
 Because thy earth hath thus eclips'd the light
 Of thy contentment, wilt thou make it night?
 Wert thou condemn'd to sorrows? wert thou born
 To live in languishment, and die forlorn?
 Abuse not thy Creation: Thou wert made
 Not thus to sterve thy blossomes in the shade
 Of barren melancholy, or to waste
 Thy pensive hours in the boisterous blast
 Of stormy discontent: Com, com, my soule,
 Hoyst up thy face to mirth: Let others haile
 And whine: Let such as alwayes are at wars
 With their owne fortunes, curse their ill fac'd stars:
 Passe thou thy frolique youth in Revels, sports,
 And fresh delights: frequen the purple Courts
 Of prosperous Princes: Sit thy heart in mirth,
 And crush the childe of sorrow in her birth.

- Verl. 2. O out, my soul, what profit can accrew
From lavish mirth? what pleasure is't, to skru
An Antick face and grimme? or to enforce
An empty laughter in a vain discourse?
3. Why then my soul, Goe winde the Plummets up
Of thy down spirits, with a chirping cup:
Redeem thee from the gripes of care, and rapes
Of grief, and drench them in the blood of grapes.
I, but perchance in that sad heart of thine
There is a wound, craves rather oyle then wine.
If then thy cure prove worse then thy disease,
That grief thou dar'st not cure, attempt to ease:
Forget thy sorrows; or if rugged sense
Will not be woo'd by language to dispense
With her provoking foe, advise with Art:
Those stubborn streames thou canst not stop, divert:
And like a pain-afflicted stripling, play
Wuh some new toy, to while thy grief away.
4. Goe, raise great works, whose structure may impart
The masters wisdom, and the builders Art:
Build houses, whose magnificence may proclaim
Thy worth, as lasting Monuments of thy name.
5. Plant Orchards for thy pleasure: Deck thy bowers
With dainty fruits, and delectable flowers:
6. Cut Waterworks: instruct the silver tide
To wanton up and down: Teach her to slide
In soft Meanders, through the fluid veins
Of the green breasted stream embroydered plains;
Ravish thy soul with Musick, and refresh
The wasted spirits of thy unweildy flesh
With high-bred raptures: Let harmonious Ayres
Compose the discords of thy drogling cares:
Take pleasure in thy pale-enclosed grounds,
And let the Rheerick of thy deep-moith'd hounds

Perswade

Perfwade thy head. Strong sorrows so to fly
Before thy Heard, as they before the Cry.

Verf.

Alas, Alas, my poore deluded Soul,
Think'st thou to quench thy fire with oyl, or cool
Thy flame with Cordials? Can thy born disease
Expect a Cure from such Receipts as these?
No no, these bellows mount the blaze the higher,
Thou leap'st but from the pan into the fire.

I, but my soul, me thinks a wise forecaſt
(Though not redreſſe the miſchiefs that are paſt)
May claim ſome kind of priv' ledge to prevent
The ew'ls that future changes may preſent;
If not, what harm, what diſconvenience lies
In being fool? what vantage to wiſe?
Both fool and wiſe muſt pay an equall ſhot
At Nature ſtable; have the ſelf-ſame lot.

12.

13.

15.

Why then, my ſoul, ſince ſorrow needs muſt haunts
Thy life, condemn'd to labour, ceaſe to daunts
Thy bold endeavours with the ſenſe of care,
Cheare up thy whining heart, and take thy ſhare
Of all thy labours, eat, and drink; and let
Thy ſenſe enjoy the wages of thy ſweat:
'Tis all thy Portion: Take what may be had;
Bad is the beſt, then make the beſt of bad:
Sweeten thy pains; Mixe pleaſure with thy ſorrow;
Who knows to day, what ſhall betide to morrow?

24.

CAP. III.

1 By the necessary change of times, vanity is added to humane travail, 11 There is an excellency in Gods works : 16 But as for man, God shall judge his works there, and here he shall be like a beast.

- vers. 1. **T**He great creator in his wise Decree
Hath pitch a time when ever ychange shall be,
And through his watchfull Providence hath given
A season to each purpose under heaven ;
2. There is a time appointed for our birth,
And there's a time for earth to turn to earth :
There is a time to plant ; A time wherein
To pluck those plants, thus planted, up again :
3. There is a season when to build, ev'n so,
There is a season to demolish too :
There is a season to inflict a wound,
And there's another season to make sound :
4. There is a time for teares to drown thy eye ;
A time to laugh and lay thy sorrowes by :
There is a time to mourn ; A time to meet
The sprightly Musick with thy numerours feet :
5. There is a due appointed season, either
To scatter stones, or gather stones together :
There is a time t' embrace, and there be spaces
Of time, appointed to refrain embraces :
6. There is a time to gain, and there's ordain'd
An other time to looffe the things we gain'd ;
There is a time to recolle& and lay
Thy treasure up ; a time to cast away :
7. There is a time appointed when to rend ;
And there's a time appointed when to mend :

A time for silence, and a time to break *Verse*

Reserved silence; there's a time to speake :

A time to love, and there's a time t' abate 8.

Our warm affections; there's a time to hate :

A time of warre, and there's a time to cease

The Bloody Battell : There's a time for Peace.

If heavens decree thus bound the works of men, 9.

What profit gaires the fruitlesse worker then ?

What boots our travell, or those works of ours,

If all our plots depend on heav'nly pow'rs ?

Nor are our actions, or their secret ends 10.

Govern'd by chance; nor doe our works depend

On hoodwink'd *Fortune*; no, pleas'd heaven thinks

To exercise the soule of flesh and blood: (good

What ere he did, is fair, and timely done, 11.

He gave the world for man to mule upon :

Whose eye, with admiration may discover

The motion, not the progresse of the Mover.

I know, that from the works of flesh and blood 12.

As they are mans, there can arise no good ;

Unlesse perchance to qualifie with oyle

The soul-afflicting vin'gre of his toyle ;

Or if it happen that his soule may eat 13.

And drink, and reap the harvest of his sweat

To sweeten sorrows, may we understand

It is a gift from the Almighties hand :

I know that heavens *Decree* is seal'd. and free 14.

From alteration, a most firme *Decree* :

And so ordain'd, that the presumptuous Race

Of man may feare the Majesty of 's face:

The thing that is, hath been, and what of old 15.

Hath been, succeeding ages shall behold :

The great Disposer keeps the selfe-same track

And calls his timely revolutions back.

- Verf.* 16. I view'd the Chair of Judgement, where I saw
 In stead of Righteousnesse, perverted Law :
 I view'd the Courts of Equity, and spy'd
 Corruption there, and Justice warp'd aside.
17. O then (thought I) the Judge of heav'n shall do
 Right to the wicked, and the righteous too.
 For ther's a time true Justice shall proceed
 On ev'ry Purpose, upon every Deed.
18. Then puzzel'd in my thoughts, I thus advis'd,
 Heav'n suffers mortalls to be exercis'd
 In their own miseries, that they may see
 They'r not more happy then the sensualls bee.
19. To man and beast the self-same lots befall;
 Man dies, so dies the Beast : alas they all
 Enjoy one breath ; what Royalties remain
 To Man above a Beast ? For both are vain ;
20. Both travell to the self-same place ; Both tend
 Their paces to the self-same Journies end :
 The substance of their flesh is both the same,
 But dust, to dust both turn from whence they came.
21. What curious Inquisitor doth know
 The place whereto ascending souls do goe ?
 Or can renown'd Philosophy declare
 Whither the dying spirits of beasts repair ?
22. This rightly weigh'd, it seems the better choyce
 For man to suck his labours, and rejoyce :
 'Tis all the Portion he is like to have :
 Who knows the entertainments of the Grave ?

SOLILOQUIE III.

Come now my Soul, thou hast with toylsome pains
 Goutsworn the day ; and, with thy dear-bought guins,
 Thou

*Thou hast refresh't thy spirits; and, at length,
With lusty diet, hast redeem'd thy strength;
Thou hast forgot thy labours, and thy Rest
Hath crown'd contentment in thy peacefull brest:
Art thou now pleas'd? what can thy heart require,
More then thou hast, to fill thy wast desire?*

Vers.

*True, if my bubble life could get a Lease
Of his small Rest, nay, if the present Peace
Were but secur'd from this succeeding sorrow,
Long since design'd to the next neighb'ring morrow,
It were some hapinesse, and would present
A large proportion of a short content:*

*But Change (the Moth of transitory things
That's never worse then when the seasons brings
A flash of Good) doth all things so unframe
That earths content doth scarce deserve the name
Of common happinesse; which like the wind,
Varies, still meeting with a various mind.*

1.

*Unconstant earth! what can thy treasure show,
That is not, like thy selfe, unconstant too?*

How full of Change! How full of alteration!

Nay, fixt in nothing but thy meer foundation.

And like thy selfe, our naturall parent, we

Constant in nothing, but in loving thee!

One while we plunge in tears; and by and by,

We rage in laughter, yet not knowing why:

4.

To day, the Zeal of our affection's such,

We burn in love; to morrow, hate as much:

3.

Sometimes we feare not when our ev'ls appear;

Sometimes, affrighted at no cause offear:

One while we should and will not, will and should not;

Nay, at the self same moment, would and would not.

To day we feast, and quaffe in frolique Bowles;

4.

To morrow fast, and pinch our guilty Soules:

.. Now

Verſ. Now Muſick; now a Knell ſaluts our eares;
 at noon we ſwim in wine; at night in teares:
 One night our vöwes are made, our joy concluded:
 To day the danger's paſt, and heav'n deluded:
 The laſt fix Months our fortune ſwell'd with ſtore,
 And now they break, was never Job ſo poore:

8. Time was, that Peace enricht our joyfull Land;
 Time is, our martiall drum beats Warre at hand.

Unconſtant Earth! O, is it not enough
 Thy days are ev'ill at beſt; and but a paſſe
 At longeſt? At the fruitfulleſt but vain?
 But ſad, at merrieſt; and at ſweeteſt, pain?
 Is not all this enough? enough to make
 The miſerable childe of man forſake
 The falſe protection of thy magick eye,
 With out the addition of inſtancy?
 Is't not enough that we poor Farmers pay
 Quit-rent to Nature at the very day,
 And at our dying howre bequeaſh to thee
 Our whole ſubſiſtence for a Legacie?
 But thou muſt leave our frailties as a prey
 To time born Change, that will permit no ſtay
 In oneſtate, nor give us leave to lye
 Sad Patients in a quiet miſery!

- O but my ſoul, why doſt thou thus contend
 With thy Creators pleaſure? Cease to ſpend
 This needleſſe breath: Shall thy diſordered will
 Confront his Providence? or call that ill
 Which he thinks good? Tell me, my ſoul, ſhall be
 That gave thee being, be preſcrib'd by thee?
 He made thee for his glory, nor to ſpend
 Thy day in ſlaviſh labour; nor to end
 Thy painfull journey in the ſhades of death:
 But thou haſt ſtinted that immortall breath;

Which qualifi'd thy life, and made thee free
 Of heav'n and earth, and joynt Patience
 With smooth fac'd Cherubims; And too too proud
 Of thy short honour, wrapt thy thoughts, and bow'd
 Thy straight desires to unknown delight,
 And wrapt thy glory in the clouds of night:
 Lost thy freewill to good, didst overthrow
 Thy perfect knowledg with desire to know;
 Bereft of wisdom lab'ring to be wise,
 Now peer'd with beasts, that only works and dies. 19.
 Both, born to sorrow, breathe the selfe same breath;
 Live both alike, both die the selfe same death:
 Since then, my soule, thy hopes may not aspire
 To what thou wouldst, suit thy supprest desire
 To what thou maist: and let thy wisdom play
 Bad cards with best advantage: what the day
 Brings in by travell, let the frolique night
 Consume in Mirth, and spend in full Delight: 22.
 Take thou to day, let others take to morrow;
 He earns the Solace, that endures the sorrow.

C A P. IV.

1. Vanity is increased unto men by oppression, 4. By envy, 5. By idlenesse, 7. By covetousnesse, 9. By solitarinesse, 13. By wilfullnesse.

MY soul return'd and fixt her thoughts upon 1.
 The hard oppressions made beneath the Sun;
 And, loe, the tears of captives in distresse,
 Cry'd loud for Comfort, yet were comfortlesse;
 Great was th' oppressors power, yet the grief
 Of the oppress'd was void of all relief:

D

O

- Verse 2. O, then I counted their condition blest,
Whom death hath lull'd in everlasting rest;
Yea, farre more blest then those that live, to stand
Afflicted patients at th' oppressors hand.
3. Nay, farre then both are they more blessed, whom
Conception never hansell'd in the womb;
Or those Abortives, whom untimely birth
Excus'd from all the sorrowes of the earth.
4. I mus'd again, and found when pains had crakt
The harder shell to some Heroick act,
Pale envy stricks the kernell with taxation;
O, this is vanity, and souls vexation.
5. The sluggish fool that solitary stands,
Wish yawning lips, and bosome-folded hands,
Consumes his empty dayes, at last, is fed
With his own flesh, that would not move for bread:
6. His idle tongue thus pleading for his sloth,
Better one hand be fill'd with rest, then both
Stretch'd forth in travell, to prepare full diet,
With hearts vexation, and the souls disquiet.
7. Thus pausing Contemplation shew'd mine eye
A new prospect of humane vanity;
8. There is a lonely man that hath none other
To foster then himselfe, nor child nor brother,
Whose droyling hands think nothing can supply
The greedy wants of his insatiate eye;
He robs himselfe, nor knows for whose relife;
This is a vanity and wounding grief.
9. The single state of him that lives alone
Is double grief, Two better is then One:
For two can share the sorrowes that befall
To one; One's worse then not to be at all;
10. If eithers drooping shoulders be betray'd
To a sad burden, theres a mutuall ayd:

Woe to the man whom danger meets alone,	Verle.
For ther's no arme to help him but his owne :	
When two divide the comforts of a Bed,	11.
If one gains kindly warmth, the others sped:	
But warmth turns back to him that lies alone;	
The steel will yeeld no sparks without the stone.	
If fury from a stronger arme assailes,	12.
One falls before the foe when two prevails :	
But if a third put in a timely stroke,	
The Cord that's threecold, is not quickly broke.	
To be a poore wise child, is jud'gd a thing	13.
More honourable then to be a King	
That's old and foolish, and whose disposition	
Checks at advice, and spurns at admonition.	
The low and lanke estates are often known	14.
To clime from Prisons, to the princely Throne;	
And glorious Monarchs have been seen to fail,	
And change their glittering Glory for a Goal.	
So have I seen the vulgar hearts grow cold	15.
To with'ring Greatnesse, whilest their eyes behold	
The blooming heyre, to whom affections run	
Like morning eyes to greet the rising Sun.	
Past Ages quench the fathers fading light	16.
In the Sons hopes, and future dayes benight	
The Son in his Succeeders expectation;	
O, this is vanity and touls vexation.	

 SOLOQUIE IV.

MT soul, to what a strange disguised Good
 Art thou bewitcht! O how hath flesh and Blood
 Betray'd thee to a happinesse that brings
 No comfort but from transitory things!

- Vers.* How is thy freedome curb'd ! How art thou clogg'd
 With dull mortality, bestow'd and bogg'd
 In thine own frailty ! How art thou repos'd
 In sin, polluted dust ! embrac'd, enclos'd
 In the foul armes of thy owne base Corruptions !
 How is thy will disturb'd with th' inturrptions
 Of crosse desires ? desires, not knowing where
 To finde a Center, rambling here and there ;
 Which, like their objects, alterable, some
 Like idle vagrants without passe, or home.
 Review thy selfe my soul, Cast up thy dayes,
 They are but few, Thy life is but a blaze :
 Go take an inventory of those Foyes
 Which thy false earth allowes : They are but toys,
 To mock the frailty of thy flatter'd Sense,
 Attended with a thousand discontents :
 Hath Heaven inrich't thy pains with thriving drift's
 Of mighty Gold ? endow'd thy minde with gifts
 Of sacred Art ? Or glorifi'd thy name
 With honour posted on the wings of Fame ?
 What is there then, that lies in earths election
 To raise thy hap'nesse to more high perfection ?
 I, but my soule, what great, what higher hand
 4. Shall stop the mouth of Envy ? Or command
 Her snake devouring fangs to keep the peace
 Vpon thy worried Name ? To every Lease
 Of earths best granted happinesse, belongs
 The sharp Proviso of malicious tongues :
 They, they shall blast thy fortunes ; leave at ang
 Vpon thy new brock'd Honour : They shall hang
 Like Barres, vpon thy welfare, and destroy,
 Like an Easter worm, the guard of all thy joy.
 Or if thou chance to scape the whispering tongue
 1. Of secret Envy, Forge, and bold-fac'd Wrong,

May hap to roare upon thy full mouth'd Sails,
And rude Opression with her Harpy nails,
may gripe thy fair Prosperity, and great
Upon the vastnesse of thy great estate.

Vers.

Or if those foraign dangers should forbear
To make; assault, or made, prove lesse severe;
From out thy very bosome may arise
Intestine Foes, to make thy peace, their prize:
If that dull worme, that cloaths the mossy land
With rags, but kisse thy bosome-folded hand,
It eats thy treasure with a secret rust,
And layes thy bed-rid honour in the dust.

5-

Or if thy droiling hand should once bestave
Thy glorious freedome with a thirst to have,
And take thee prisner to thy loose desires,
Thy happinesse, even whilst enjoy'd, expires.

8.

Or if a liberall Content should crown
Thy Gould with Rest, and make thine own, thine own;
Perchance, thou want'st a Partner, that may share
In all thy fortunes: or (if sped) an heire,
Whose worth, and hopefull merrits may revive
Thy honour'd Dust, and keep thy name alive.

9.

Or if the pleased hand of heaven subscribe
To those desires, a selfe-conceit may bribe
Thy passion guided Will to take up Arms
'Gainst soveraign Reason, as whose bold Alarm's
Thy false affections may rise up, and shake
Thy fancy-baffled Judgement, and so make
A Gap for mischief, which may recommend
Thy reeling Fortunes to aruinous End

13.

Now tell me, O my soul! wherein can earth
Deserve thy pains, or gratifie thy birth,
In framing equall happinesse; nay, in freeing
Thy partiall heart from unrepented Beeing?

- Vers.* O, is't not better, not to thirst at all,
Then thirst in vain, or quench thy thirst with gall?
2. Are not the Cloysters of the Barren Wombe,
Far more desiferable, then to come
Into the wilde, into the common Hall
Of troubled Natures factious Court, where all
Move in their Orbs of Care, and severall wayes,
Fulfill their Revolutions of sad dayes?
3. Are not the shady Bowers of death more sweet
Then the bold Sunshine, where we hourly meet
Fresh ev'ls, like Atomes, whose deluding breath
Tickles our fancies till we laugh to death?
Our day of birth leads in our dayes of Trouble;
My soul prize not this earth; this Toy; this Bubble.

CAP. V.

- 1 Vanities in divine service, 8 in murmuring against
oppression, 9 and in riches. 18 Joy in riches is the
gift of God.
1. **A**ttend thy footsteps when thou drawest near
The house of God; and be more apt to hear,
Then give the sacrifice of fools, which know
Not in their sacrifice what ev'll they do:
2. Let not thy tongue be rash; Commit no wast
Of words before thy God by over hast;
Since he from heav'n beholds thy actions here,
All lavish babling let thy lips forbear:
3. As dreams and rest-disturbing fancies flow
From floods of businesse which by day we doe,
So multitude of words are daily sprung
From th' idle fountain of a foolish tongue.

When

When thou hast bound thee to thy God by vow 4. *Verse*
 Defer not payment, but perform it thou :
 Discharge thy bonds, for heaven takes no delight
 In fools, that violate the faith they plight ;
 Far safer 'tis thy vows were never made, 5.
 Then heaven promis'd payment, never paid.
 Let not thy lips ensnare thee, plead not thou 6.
 Before thy Angel, 'Twas too rash a vow :
 O why should'st thou provoke thy God, and dare
 His curse upon thy practise, and thy pray'r ?
 Dreams oft are vain, and folly's mixt among 7.
 The language of a multiloquious tongue ;
 But let the wisdom of thy lips appear
 Before thy God with reverentiall fear. 8.
 Seest thou perverted Justice in the land,
 And poor men grip'd beneath th' oppressours hand
 Stand not amaz'd : Th' Almighty views their way,
 And there be pow'rs at hand more high then they.
 The fruitfull surface of the pregnant soyl, 9.
 Enrich'd by the laborious ploughmans toyl,
 Brings forth to all, nay, very Kings do build
 Their whole subsistence from the fertill field :
 'Tis not full heaps of eye-rejoycing Gold 10.
 Can feed, or screen thy nakednesse from cold :
 Nor can the piles of treasur'd wealth sustain
 Thy drooping spirits : this is also vain.
 As goods increase, ev'n so their number, who 11.
 Must share the goods encrease, encreaseth too :
 What hath the owner more then they, but this,
 What they consume, his eyes behold as his :
 How sweetly pleasant is the sleep of such 12.
 As labour, eat they little, or eat much :
 When as the wealth of idle Owners, keep
 Their heart from quiet, and their eyes from sleep :
 There

- Verse 13. There is an ev'll that happens now and then
Beneath the Sun, among the sons of men.
Oft have I seen increasing riches grow
To be their great-made Owners overthrow,
And vex their souls with care and then repay
Unprosp'rous pains with grief, and melt away.
14. His wealth is fled, and when he should transfer it
Upon his heir, ther's nothing to inherrit.
15. Look how he came into the world, the same
He shall go out, as naked as he came;
Of what his lab'ring arm hath brought about,
His dying hand shall carry nothing out:
16. This is a wounding Grief, that as he came,
In ev'ry point, he shall returne the same,
What profit can his soules affliction find,
That toyls for aire, and travels but for wind?
17. The pilgrimage of his laborious dayes,
Is sordid and obscure, and all his wayes
Are blockt with troubles, and his soules disquier,
To gain his very life-sustaining diet.
18. I hold it therefore the most happy lot,
To eat and drink, and reap what pains hath got,
To crown those days which his Creator gave;
'Tis all the portion he is like to have:
19. All such to whom the bounteous hand of heav'n
Gives wealth, and license to enjoy it giv'n,
To sweeten labour, may they understand,
It is a favour from th' Almightyes hand:
20. Such, doubtlesse, in their labour, shall forget
Their painfull sorrows, and their toylsome sweat;
For heav'n hath crown'd their fair desires, and sent
A peacefull conscience, and a pleas'd content.

SOLILOQUIE. V.

BUt hark, my soul, the morning Bells invite
 Thy early paces to a new delight :
 Away, away, the holy Saints bell rings,
 Put on thy robes, and oyle thy sacred wings :
 Call home thy heart, and bid thy Thoughts surcease
 To be thy Thoughts; Go, bind them to the peace;
 Take good security, or if such fast,
 Commit them to the all-commanding Faint
 Of thy cram'd bags, there to lie close and fast
 Till thy heav'n atoning vov'es be past :
 Confine thy rambling pleasures to the trust
 Of vacant houres : And let thy wisdom thrust
 Indulgent Hagar, and her base-born child
 From thy sad Gates; Let them be both exil'd
 From thy soft bosome; Let not Ishmael share
 Whith holy Isa'c; Isa'c must be heire :
 Nor let thy sorrow melted heart bemoane
 Thy banisht bondslave, nor her thirsty sonne :
 Take thou no care for them; Heav'n will supply
 Their craving thirst with bottles from thine eye :
 Leave all thy servill Fancies in the vale,
 Mount thou the sacred Hall, and there, bewaile
 Thy dying Isa'c whose free gift may be
 A living pledge betwixt thy God and thee.

Here maist thou feast thy soul, and fill thy brest
 With heavenly Raptures, and with holy Rest.

Here shall thy Pietie sweeten all thy pains,
 And Grace shall bea replenie what Griefe distains :

Here maist thou shrowd thee from those ev'ls that wait
 Upon the frailty of thy fraile state.

E

Here

Ver].

Here may thy Griefs unbosome all their groines,
And finde redresse from the high Throne of Thrones.

Hast then, O hie thee to that sacred place :
Why stay'st thou ? See, the widened Armes of Grace
Inuite thy presence, and with open brest
Promise fair welcome to so fair a Guest !

1) but my Zeal-transported soul, take heed ;
Too rash a haste brings oft too dear a Speed :

1. Observe thy Steps ; Thy feet are apt to slide ,
If thy misguided paces swerve aside ;
Death waits at either hand, to make a prize
Of wavering foot-steps, and miswandring eyes :
Near the best blessings neighb'ring dangers dwell ,
The very Suburbs of blest Heaven, is Hell.

Thus when thy awfull presence shall draw near
These Hallajious Courts, advise, and fear ;
Put off thy shoes ; 'Tis holy ground thou tread'st :
Be not too bold ; thou dy'st unlesse thou dread'st.

Now, may thy holy boldnesse safely venture
To passe these delectable Ports, and enter.

Now cloath thy heart with Reverence ; Be fill'd
With secret Raptures ; Let thy fancy build
No Castles here ; Beware thou banish hence
The sinfull objects of invited Sense :
Make heav'ns command (and let thy Zealous motion
Subscribe to that) the cause of thy devotion ;
Let heav'ns direction be thy form, and bend
Thy endfull heart to make heav'ns glory th' end :
Worship that's moulded in Tradition Schools,
Is but the Sensuall Sacrifice of fooles.

2. Be wisely carefull what thy lips impart ;
Bring thy soft tongue acquainted with thy heart :
Be slow to speak, and be as quick to heare ;
Heaven loves a single tongue, a double care :

Make

Make haste to pay what thy vow'd promise owes;
Destruction dwells in unperformed Vowes.

Verse 4.

Thus mayst thou break the heart-corroding Fangs
Of griping Care, and scape the dying Pangs
Of living death: Here, here, thou mayst controul
Earths power, and imparadise thy soule
In soft and sacred Rest beyond th' extent
Of whining grief, and murmuring discontent.

I, but my soule, grosse vanity even dwells
In thy devotion, whose rank offering smels
So strong of earth, that very heavens deride
Our very Altars, and abhorre the Pride
Of our disguis'd humilitie, which brings
A secret curse upon our holiest things:

Hence, hence, my soul, proceed those boisterous waves
That plunge our frailties: This, O this enslaves
Our graven'd Spirits so, that we even faile
Or shrink before the Combat, and turn saile
To every slight affliction: this unweavells
Thy even-way'd Peace, with indigested evils:
This sowers all thy sweets, sads all thy Rest,
Nay dispossesses thee, even whilst possessest
Of thy Imperious Treasure.

O then my soule, where shall thy wounds obtain
That soveraign balsome? who shall ease thy pain?
In what blest ear will thy complaints finde place?
What holy Altar shall thy armes embrace?
If here be no protection for opprest
And lab'ring souls, where shall poor souls have Rest?
Earths Joyes are vain, and they that shall commit
Trust in vain earth, are far more vain then it.

CAP: VI.

2 *The vanity of riches without use.* 3. *Of children, 6 and old age without riches.* 9. *The vanity of sight and wandring desires.* 11. *The conclusion of vanities.*

Vers.

1. **T**Here is an Ev'll, which my observing eye
Hath taken notice of beneath the skye;
It is an ev'll frequents the troubled brest
Of wretched man, and robs him of his rest.
2. To see where God hath multipli'd and giv'n
What wealth and honour earth can beg of heav'n,
And yet no power to use it, but descends
To very strangers : O, this grief transcends !
3. Who multiply their loynes and years, yet have
Souls unsuffic'd with good, and soil the grave
With blemish'd and dishonor'd names, I say
Abortive births are better far then they :
4. For he can hardly own a being, whom
Nature casts forth from the untimely womb :
Darknesse infolds him in her secret shades,
His nam's forgotten, and his mem'ry fades.
5. The worlds surveighing Lamp does not affright
The pleasing slumbers of his peacefull night :
There be no ears, no eyes, to heare, to see,
The living soul hath not such rest as he.
6. Yea though he live a thousand yeares twice told,
What worth his eyes, can his sad eyes behold ?
Doe they not both arrive, not both resort
To the dull portals of the selfe-same Port ?
7. The best reward of mans laborious sweat
Is but a morsell of quotidian meat :

This

This may suffice his body, but the will
 Of his insatiate soul what hand can fill? *Verse.*
 What is it then the wisemans labour gains 8.
 More then the painfull fool by all his pains?
 What wants the poore man that by prudent labour
 Knowes how to live, more then his wealthy neigh-
 Better enjoy a competence, and crave not (bour? 9.
 More wealth, then stil desire the wealth we have not
 To wish, what if enjoy'd brings molestation,
 Is but meere vanity, and souls vexation.
 The worldly confluence of treasure can 10.
 Exempt no mortall from the lot of man,
 Nor can his wealth instruct him to withstand
 The angry strokes of the Almightyes hand:
 Since the encrease of wealth procur'd by pain, 11.
 Preserv'd with feare, with sorrow lost again,
 Encreaseth grief in the possessors brest,
 What vantage then hath man to be possesst?
 Who knows, what's good for man in his dull blaze 12.
 Of life, his swift, his shadow flying dayes?
 Or who can tell, when his short houre is run,
 Th' event of all his toyl beneath the Sun?

SOLILOQUIE. VI.

What means that great-creating Pow'r to frame
 This spacious Universe? Was not his name
 Glorious enough without a Witnesse? Why
 Did that corrected Twi-light of his eye
 Un-muzzle darknesse, and with morning light
 Redeem the day from new baptized night?
 What means that sacred Power to command
 Divorce betwixt united Sea and Land?

Why wrapt he earth (as yet unoucht with showers)
 In a greene Robe embroid'ed all with flowers?
 What means the Beames of his resulgent eyes
 To print their Image in the crystall skyes?
 What princely guests with all their num'rous traine
 Did he expect? was he to entertaine?
 That his magnificent, his bounteous hand
 Made such Provision both by sea and land?
 What royall State's at hand? what Potentate?
 On whom must all these Royall armies wait?
 Who worthy of so great a preparation,
 Is th' object of such royall expectation,
 What Prince is to be borne? What glorious birth
 Is to be celebrated?

Groaning earth
 Brought forth a lump not much above a span,
 A little, naked, puling thing, call'd Man.
 Man, a poore shiflesse transitory thing,
 Born without sword or shield, not having wing
 To fly from threatening danger, not an arme
 To grapple with those num'rous ev'ls that swarme
 About his new-born frailty, warpt aside
 From faire obedience to rebellious Pride.
 Man, in whose frame the great Three-One advis'd,
 And with a studied hand epitomix'd
 The large, voluminous, and perfect story
 Of all his works; The Mannall of his Glory:
 Man, in whose soule, the all-Eternall drew
 The Image of himselfe, for earth to view
 With fear and wonder, in whose Sou'raign eye
 He breath'd the flames of dreadfull Majesty,
 Fill'd him with power, entrusted to his hand
 Earths Empire, and the lower worlds command;
 Crownd him with glory, made him little lower
 Then heav'n-bred Angels that excell in power.

Verse.

O but my soule, how is that hand asham'd
 Of his owne work ! How is this frame unfram'd !
 How is this Manuall blotted ? Every word
 How interlin'd ? How is this Image blurr'd ?
 How are those sparks of Majesty, that were
 So bright, now baffled with degen'rous feare ?
 How is that power that was bred and borne
 The earth Commander, now become the scorne
 Of dunghill passion, shipwrackt with the Gust
 Of every fatuous and inferiour Lust !
 How is the Sunbright Honour of his Name
 Eclipt ! How is his Glory cloath'd with shame !
 Reflect upon thy selfe, my soul : Enquire
 Into the wastnesse of thy vaine desire :
 What would'st thou have, which being had) may fill
 Th' unfathom'd Gulf of thy insatiate will ?
 Thou level'st at a Good : Wherein consists
 The Good Thou level'st at ? To what strange Lists
 Is her conceal'd Omnipotence confinde ?
 Where is this will-commanding Saint enshrin'd ?
 Is not her royall person gone to view
 The Mines of Ophir, to the rich Peru ?
 Or is she gone to oyle the wings of Time
 With untious pleasures in some forain Clime ?
 Or is she mounted on the slippery Throne
 Of staggering Honour, there disguis'd, unknowne ?
 Alas, my soul, if heaven should suit thy store
 With thy desire, thou would'st desire yet more :
 Or if spring tides of Gold should a degree
 Transcend thy wish, perchance it would want thee :
 What if a num'rous Off-spring should proclame
 A perpetuity to th' lasting Name ;
 Or if the even-spun Twine should be extended
 Till thou could'st number Nations all descended

2.

3.

From

- Verſ.* From thine own loynes, yet, if the ſparing hand
Of wayward Providence ſhould chance to brand
5. Thy dayes with poverty, th' abortive birth
Is more indebted to the gracious earth
Then thou, Whoſe ſhadow-graſping hand even tyes
Upon the vanity of the waſt deſires :
Nay, if both heav'n and earth ſhould undertake
T' extract the beſt from all Mankind to make
One perfect happy man, and thou wert Hee ;
Thy finite fortunes ſtill would diſagree
7. With thy inſatiate ſoul : Some Qualmes of earth,
Hereditary to thy humane birth,
Would print thy pamper'd ſoul with ſuch a freſh
And lively Character of feeble fleſh,
That all thy joyes (do Fortune what ſhe can)
May not exempt thee from the Lot of Man.

CAP. VII.

1 Remedies againſt vanity, are a good name. 2 Mor-
tification. 7 Patience. 11 Wiſdome. 23. The dif-
ficulty of wiſdome.

1. **A** Good reputed Name is ſweeter farre
Then breaths of Aromatick Oynments are ;
And that ſad day when firſt we drew our breath
Is not ſo happy as the day of death.
2. Better it is to be a ſun'rall guſt,
Then finde the welcomes of a frolick feaſt :
There may'ſt thou view thy end, and take occaſion
T'enrich thy thoughts with fruitful contemplation.
3. Better to cloud thy face with grief, then ſhow
The laſhiſt wrinkles of a laughing brow ;

For

For by the sad demeanour of thine eyes
 The heart's instructed, and becomes more wise
 The wise mans sober heart is alwayes turning
 His wary footsteps to the house of mourning;
 But fools consume, and revell out the night
 In dalliance, and the day in loose delight.
 The vertue of a wise mans fair reproof,
 Brings greater benefit to a mans behoof,
 Then all those care-bewitching sweets that can
 Belch from the language of a foolish Man.
 Look how the crackling thornes under the pot
 Blaze for a season, but continue not;
 Ev'n so do foolish flatt'ries entertain
 Our souls with joy; but all that joy is vain.
 When wisemen turn oppressors, they have crackt
 Their understandings in the very act;
 And the acceptance of a Bribe destroyes
 The grounds of judgment, and it blinds her eyes.
 In all attempts the onser does not lend
 So sweet a satisfaction, as the end:
 And he whose gentle spirit is endow'd
 With meeknesse, is far better then the proud.
 Let not thy hot-mouth'd, spirit entertain
 Too sudden passion with too slack a Rain;
 For rash and unadvised anger rests
 Embosom'd, and abides in foolish breasts.
 Let not thy murmur'ing tongue desire to know
 Why former dayes were not so bad as now,
 Where heav'n declares a will. no wise mans eye
 Should search a Cause, or lips enquire a why.
 Wisdome is profitable to advance
 Mans welfare, joyned with inheritance;
 By this conjunction profit doth arise
 To those that toyl beneath the sweltring skies.

- Verse* 12. Wildome's a Guard; and treasure, a defence
To supersede our wants, reliev'd from thence.
13. Wisdom's th' extract of knowledge, and conveys
To the possessor everlasting dayes.
O let thy thoughts enquire and understand
The well-weigh'd works of the Almighty's hand.
What he hath settled in a crooked state,
No industry of man can make it straight.
14. In thy good day take pleasure, and be wise;
In thy bad day have patience, and advice;
For heav'n gives both by turns, to let man see
How alterable earthly pleasures be.
15. Much have I seene in this my short-liv'd day;
Among the rest, the just man snatcht away
In his just works, whilst wicked finde successe,
And prosper in their long-liv'd wickednesse.
16. Since then th' upright mans recompence is such,
Be not too wise, nor righteous over much;
Why should they too much righteousness betray
Thy danger'd life, and make thy life a prey?
17. Nor let the flesh suggest thee, or advise
Thy thoughts to be too wicked, too unwise.
Why should thy folly captivate thy breath,
And make thee prisoner to untimely death?
18. In all thy courses therefore it is best
To lodge uprightnesse in thy constant breast.
For he that feareth the Almighty, shall
Outwear his ev'ill, or finde no ev'ill at all.
19. Wisdom affords more strength, more fortifies
The undaunted courage of the wise,
Then all the twisted pow'r of those that are
The Guides of Citties, or their men of warre;
20. Yet is there none beneath the crysell skies
So just in action, or in word so wise;

That

That doth alwayes good, or hath not bin
 Sometimes polluted with the stains of sin. *Verſ.*
 At passions language stop thy gentle care, 21.
 Least it thy servant curle thee thou shouldst heare.
 For often times thy heart will let thee see 22.
 That others like wise have been curs'd by thee.
 This wisdom by my travell I attain'd 23.
 And in my thoughts conceiv'd that I had gain'd
 No common height, but on a strict revile
 I found my wisdom came far short of wise.
 Objects far distant, secrets too profound 24.
 What eye can entertain; what heart can sound?
 I bent my studies heart to search and pry 25.
 Into the bosome of *Philosophy*;
 I gave my selfe to understand the Art
 Of folly, and the madnesse of the heart:
 I found the harlots wayes more bitter are (snare 26.
 Then death, whose arms are Ginnes, whose heart's a
 Whom heav'n doth favour shall decline her Gates,
 But sinners shall be taken by her baits.
 Loe this I have observ'd, (the Preacher sayes) 27.
 By strict enquest into their sev'ral wayes:
 Whereof my restless, my laborious mind 28.
 Would make discov'ry, but dispaire to find;
 Among a thousand men perchance that one
 May be trac'd out, but among women, none.
 Loe here the fruits of all my disquisition, 29.
 Onely to know the devious condition
 Of poore degen'rous man, whose first estate
 Heav'n copied from himselfe, upright, and straight.

SOLILOQUIE VII.

Since then my Soul, the frail and false Estate
 Of fading happinesse cannot create
 The least contentment in thy various minde,
 Whose fancy-guided motion cannot finde
 The point of Rest, but like the boyling waves
 Tost in the stormes of Earth, sometimes outbraves
 The threatning Firmament, then at a breath
 Darts down, and dashes at the dores of death;
 Since waxen-winged Honour is not void
 Of danger, whether aim'd at, or enjoy'd;
 Since heart-enchanting Profit hath not fruit,
 But care, both in fruition, and pursuit;
 Since Pleasure like a wantonisch doth breed
 In the Ranc flesh, but scratcht untill it bleed;
 Since laughter is but madnesse, and high diet
 Th' officious Pander of our own disquiet;
 Since glorious Buildings, and magnifike Towers,
 Fructiferous Orchards, oderiferous Bowers,
 Full clusterd Vineyards, Beauties, and the choice
 Of Musick both thy instrument and voice,
 Can lend thy heart no full content, nor still
 The various clamours of th' insatiate will;
 Since humane wisdom is but humane trouble,
 And double knowledge makes our sorrow double;
 Since what we have but lights our wish to more,
 And in the height of plenty makes us poore;
 And what we have not, too too apt to crave,
 Ev'n dispossesses us of what we have;
 Nay since the very act of our devotion
 Can bring no Rest, nor qualifie the motion

Of our unbounded thoughts, to sweeten out
 This span of frailty, plung'd, and orb'd about
 With floods of Bitternesse: Since none of these,
 Nor all can crown our labours, nor appease
 Our raging hearts, O my deceitful scule,
 Where wilt thou purchase Peace? Who shall controule,
 Who shall suppress those Passions that contest
 Within the kingdome of thy troubled brest?
 Whither? to what strange Region wilt thou fly
 To finde content, and baulk that vanity
 Which haunts this bubble earth, and makes thee still
 A slave to thy infatuated will?
 Call home thy selfe: Inspect thy selfe anew,
 And take thy Birch-right to a fresh review:
 Thou art immortall; art divine by birth,
 A spark of heav'n; Thou art not borne of earth;
 Earth is the footstool of thy heavenly Throne;
 Made for thy baser parts to trample on.

Look not so low, my soul, There's nothing there:
 Fit for thy sacred view; It is no Sphere
 For thee to move in: No, let worms and beasts
 And salvage brutes trade there, and lay their Gifts
 Of progresse, to surround with weary paces
 The base Confinés of those inferiour Places.

I, but my soul, thy Alliance of my flesh
 Claims kindred there, takes pleasure to refresh
 Her wasted body there: Earth is her mother,
 The worme her sister, and the beast her brother.

'Tis true, she is thy spouse, Heav'n thy doted knot
 For none to loose but Heav'n: I know her lot
 Is mortall, fraile, and being born of earth,
 Corrupt, and wears the Badges of her birth.
 If she transgresses, it's whom must beare the blame,
 And all her deeds reflect upon thy name;

Vers.

O then beware, and if she needs must goe
To visit earth, first, let her frailty know,
How apt she is to fall, and eke how prone
To blurre, and strain thy honour and her owne.

1. A name unblemisht with the sinfull soyle
Of sordid earth, is as a precious oyle,
Which like a soveraign Antidote prevents
That plague of vanity which earth presents.
Then tell her, tell her, that her mother earth
Must give her buriall as she gave her birth:
Tell her, O tell her, Every gasp of breath
Are minuts moving to the howre of death:
2. And let her know, The house of mourning brings
More profit then the Palaces of Kings:
Tell her, Lesse reall happinesse doth dwell
3. In a full Banquet, then a passing-Bell.
8. Arme her with patience apt to entertaine
Thy wisereproofs: but if her passion raigue,
Correct it wisely: Teach her sober eye
10. A willing ignorance in things too high
If liberall earth should chance to crowne her store,
11. Let her wise modesty receive no more
Then she can manage; Pilots that are wise
Proportion out their Canvase to the skies.
Let not her knowledg with the Eagle fly,
Ulesse her wisdom have an Eagles eye.
12. Wisdome digests what Knowledge did devour,
Things sweet in taste, are indigested sowre.
14. In prosp'rous fortunes let her joy be such,
That in hard times she may not grieve too much.
25. Let her count Wisdome as her chiefeest good,
And the price easie, whether sweat or blood:
29. And let the Perclose of her thoughts be this,
To study what Man was, and what Man is.

So now my soule, thy will instructed flesh
 May visit earth, and with her sweets refresh,
 Thy wasted spirit, secure from all those ills
 Which threaten ruine to distempered wills :
 Now maist thou eat and drink, and make supplies
 For after dayes, and close thy peacefull eyes
 In calme content, and scape those hidden snares
 That lurke in pleasures, and increase our cares.

He onely takes advantage of his Lot,
 That uses earth, as if he us'd it not.

Verle.

CAP. VIII.

- 1 Kings are greatly to be respected, 6 Divine providence is to be observed. 12 It is better with the Godly in adversity, then with the wicked in prosperity. 16 The worke of God is unsearchable,

WHo's equall to the Wiseman? who but he 1.
 can judg of things, or what their natures be:
 Wisdome adorne the Cheek with lovely grace;
 And plants courageous boldnesse in the face,
 Let me advise the Subjects heart to stand 2.
 Devoted alwayes to the Kings command:
 For having sworn Allegiance to him, both
 Heav'n and thy Conscience doe attest thy oath.
 Let not thy discontented haste inke
 Abrupt departure from his awfull sight: 3.
 If thou hast err'd, continue not in ill,
 For Princes Acts are guided by their will:
 The potent Majesty of a Princes word 4.
 Is backt and made authentick by the sword:
 What vent'rous tongue dare question or demand
 The least account from his illustrious hand?

Whose

- Vers. 5 Whose loyall breasts observe the Laws of Kings,
 Shall never know the grief Rebellion brings : (too,
 The wisemans heart knowes times, and judgment
 Not only when to speak, but what to doe.
 6. For ther's to every purpose among men
 A judgement how to doe, a season when,
 Which if mistaken, or not understood,
 Brings so much mis'r'y upon flesh and blood.
 7. For man is ignorant of what may fall,
 And who is he can tell him when it shall.
 8. No man hath power to prolong his breath,
 Or make him shor-free in the day of death :
 There's no retreat in that sad warre, nor can
 Mans wickednesse preserve the wicked man.
 9. All this have I observed, and have given
 My heart to note each action under Heaven :
 There was a time when th' oppressors arme
 Opprest his brother to th' oppressors harme.
 10. So have I seene grave Judges (but unjust) W
 That sat in judgement, honor'd to the dust
 Which hid their crimes, these seemed to obtain
 Some happinesse : This happinesse is vain.
 11. Because a present sentence is not past
 Upon the wicked, their dull hearts at last
 Grow quite obdure, resolv'd, and fully bent.
 To act what evill's their greedy lusts present.
 12. Put case the sinner multiply his Crime,
 And his long dayes, ev' a rust the Sinne of Time :
 Yet well I know they only shall be blest,
 That fear th' Almighty with a filiall breast.
 13. I, but the wicked shall not scape secure,
 Though he live long, he shall not long endure.
 But like a shadow shall his dayes appeare,
 Because he fear'd not whom he ought to feare.

Solomon

There

There is a vanity reigns here below,
 I see the wise man reap what sinners sow,
 And sinners share when just men sow the seed;
 This Grief (said I) all other Grievs exceed.
 Then prais'd I mirth, and held it the best choice
 Beneath the sun, to eat, and to rejoyce :
 For this is all the good, this all the gains
 Is like to chear our days, and crown our pains.
 But when I set my busie heart to know (below :
 Wisdome, and heav'ns strange working here
 (For day and night my studyes did deny
 Sleep to mine eye-lids, slumbers to mine eye)
 O then I found his works beneath the sun
 Past finding out, my fruitlesse thoughts did run
 This heav'nly maze, till they at length concluded,
 Mans wit stoops here; here wisdom stands deluded.

14. Verse.

15.

16.

17.

SOLILOQUIE VIII.

But stay, my soul! What language does appear?
 Am I deceiv'd? Or did I seem to hear?
 Which Tenet shal I baulk? And which, imbrace?
 Hath Truth like Janus, got a double face?
 Did not that voice, that voted Wisdome vain
 But very now, now cry it up againe?
 Shall what was late condemn'd as a disease,
 Now prove a Remedy? Such slips as these
 Are brands of humane frailty, which belong
 To us and ours; It well beseems our tongue
 To contradict and jangle: Error's known
 By many faces; Truth admits but one:
 How haps it then, that wisdom, whose encrease
 Adds to our Grief, yet crowns our dayes with peace?

Chap. I. 18

Chap. 8. 1.

*Be not deceiv'd, my soul; Let not one Name
 Confound two Natures, and make two the same :
 Shall Names give Natures? Dare thy tongue professe
 An equall priviledge to Curse and Blesse
 For one Names sake? No, my deluded soul,
 Sooner may Light and Darknesse, Fair and Foul,
 Sooner may Good and Evill; nay, Heaven and Hell
 May sooner startle from their Parallel,
 And turn Joynt-tenants in one perfect Line,
 Then these two Wisdomes, Humane and Divine.
 That breeds a Tumor in the flatuous brest;
 This lays it : That brings trouble, and This rest :
 That kindles fires, and those fires encrease
 To self-contention; This concludes a Peace :
 That duls the thoughts, suppresseth with low desires;
 This mounts thy soule with more heroick fires :
 That cannot brook the transitory frown
 Of Fortunes brow; This makes a Crosse a Crown :
 That fills thy hopes with froth, and blurs thy youth
 With black-mouth'd Error; This directs to Truth :
 That scorns advice, and like an own-selfe Lover
 Befools thee; But this honors the Reprover :
 That fears, and flees, or falls at every breath
 Of discontent : This triumphs, even in death :
 That breaks Relations; and for private ends,
 Dissolves Allegiance, and disbands true friends ;
 This loves society, calls not Mine, but Ours,
 Yields due obedience to superior Powers :
 That prick'd by Passion rushes into crimes;
 This backt with Reason counsels with the Times :
 That gives the name of Power, This the thing :
 That makes a Tyrant; This creates a King :
 That lights thy Honor, fading like a blaze;
 This crowns thy Name with everlasting dayes :*

That

That breeds a Serpent ; This brings forth a Dove ; and
 That works a servil fear ; This filiall love :
 That deads thy spirit ; This makes thee wisely bold :
 That scowres thy Brass ; But this refines thy Gold :
 That fills thy Feast with Cares ; with fears thy Breast ;
 This makes thy morsell a perpetuall Feast :
 That cools thy Palate, but inflames thy fire ;
 This slakes thy Thirst, and satiates thy desire.

O then, my soul, correct that flesh and blood
 That blinds thee so ; and, like a gloomy Cloud,
 Thus interposes, and obscurely flies,
 Betwixt the sacred object, and thine eyes :
 Clear up, my soul, and like the eye of day,
 Chastise that peccant darknesse, and display
 Those mists of earth, which like false Glasses shew
 Fancie figures, and present thy view
 With specious objects, precious in esteem,
 (Alas) but nothing lesse, then what they seem.

Then shall the wisdom of that scarlet Whore
 And all her bald-pate Panders, painted o're
 With counterfai't Holinesse, appear
 In her true colours, so that every ear
 That hears her base Impostures, and the fame
 Of her lewd Piety, shall abhorre the Name
 Of bloody Rome: Then shall the spotted Beast
 Put off her golden Trappings ; and undrest
 Of all her glory, be turn'd out to graze
 In uncouth deserts, and consume her dayes
 With Dragons, Tigers, and those salvage things,
 Now pamper'd with the blood of Saints and Kings.
 O then the crooked Paths of Error, fraud,
 And Candle-light devotion, trim'd and straw'd
 With sweet-lipt Roses, shall appear as plain,
 As tide-forsaken Rocks along the Main.

*Then shall true wisdom, like fair Sheba's Queen,
Begin her royall Progresse, and now seen
In perfect Beauty, shall erect her Throne
In every breast, and every Solomon
Shall court her Glory, and intranc'd in pleasure,
Shall smell her spices, and divide her treasure.*

CAP. IX.

- I Like things happen to good and bad. 4. There is a necessity of death unto men. 7. Comfort is all their portion in this life. 11 Gods providence ruleth over all. 13 Wisdom is better then strength.

- Vers. 1.* **A**LL this I ponder'd, and at length I found
All actions, whether just or wise, are crown'd
By secret providence: And no man knows,
Gods love or hate, by blessings or by blows.
2. All haps alike to all; The same things doe
Befall the righteous and th' unrighteous too.
Th' unclean, and clean, have here the self-same pay;
And he that prays, and he that doth not pray:
Alike befalls to good and bad, and both
To him that swears, and him that fears an oath:
3. It is a grief that grates beneath the Sun,
That like events betide to every one;
Which makes the desperate hearts of men to rave
With mischief, till they drop into the Grave.
4. For the ambition of their hopes extend
But to this life, and with this life they end:
Better to be a living dog (they plead)
Then to be known a Lyon that is dead:
5. For they that live know well that they shall die,
And therefore take their time; But they that lie

Rak'd

Rak'd up in deaths cold Embers, they know not *Verf.*

Or good or ill : Their names are quite forgot :

They have no friends to love, no foes to hate ; 6.

They know no vertue to spit venome at ;

They sell no sweat for gains, nor do they buy

Pleasure with pains, or trade beneath the sky :

Goe then, rejoyce, and eat : Let a full boun 7.

Casheire thy cares, and chear thy frolick soul ;

What heaven hath lent thee with a liberall hand,

To serve, and chear thy frailty up, command. 8.

Indulge thy carefull flesh with new supply,

And change of garments of the purest dy ;

Refresh thy limbs, annoy'd with sweat and toyle,

With costly bathes, thy head with precious oyle.

Delight thy self in thy delicious wife 9.

All the vain days of thy vain wasting life ;

Of all the works thy painfull hand hath done,

This, this is all the price beneath the Sunne.

What ere thy hand endavours, that may gain 10.

Contentment, spare not either cost or pain ;

For there's no hand to work, no pow'r to have,

No wisdom to contrive within the grave. 11.

I find the swift not always win the prize,

Nor strength of arm the battell, nor the wise

Grow rich in fortunes, nor the men of skill

In favour ; all as time and fortune will.

Man knoweth not his time ; As Fishes are 12.

Snar'd in the net, Birds tangled in the snare ;

So be the sons of men surpriz'd with snares,

When mischief falls upon them unawares.

This wisdom have I seen beneath the skye, 13.

Which wisely weigh'd, deserves a wise mans eye.

There was a little City poorly mann'd, 14.

'Gainst which a Potent King brought up a band

- Verſe Of Marriall ſtrength, beſiegd it, and withall
 Built mighty Bulwarks gainſt her ſlender wall;
 15. In this half conquer'd City there was found
 A poor wiſe man, whoſe wiſedome did confound
 Both the & al the works their ſtrength could plant;
 Yet no reward reliev'd this poor mans want.
 16. O then (thought I) poor wiſdome will at length
 Discover greater worth then golden ſtrength;
 Yet is the poor mans wiſdome poorly priz'd,
 His word's not heard, or being heard, deſpis'd:
 17. The whiſp'ring wiſe mans tongue prevaiſeth more,
 Then when the lips of fooliſh Rulers roare:
 18. Prudent adviſe is more tranſcendent far,
 Then ſtrength of Arm, or Instruments of war:
 But raſh attempts of a miſguided hand
 Deſeat themſelves, and ruine all the land.

S O L I L O Q U I E IX.

- B** Ut ah, my ſoul, what boots it to be wiſe?
 Or what Advantage? what great profit lies
 2. In a fair Fourny? to be well ſupply'd
 With all Accountments, a knowing Guide,
 A metled Steed, a ſweet and temperate ſky,
 Short miles, and way-beguiling Company;
 When armed death ſtands ready to attend
 Thy parting Stirrop at thy Fournies end?
 Thy wiſdome cannot ſave thee, ha's no power
 To keep thee Shotfree, or to quit that hower.
 Dull Nabals Howreglaſſe runs as ſlow a pace.
 As active Solomons: An equall ſpace
 Divides their minuts; Deaths impartiall hand
 Wounds all alike, and death will give no ſand.

What

What then my soul? If wisdom should entaile
 Our happinesse on this life, or fill our Saile
 In this wilde Ocean with perpetuall breath,
 When should we finde a Hav'n? If partiall death
 Should favour wisdom, and not exercise
 Her office there, 'twere misery to be wise:
 The prudent Pilot, whose marinall skill
 Makes the proud windes obedient to his will,
 And ploughs the Billows with lesse fear then wrong,
 Takes no delight to make his voyage long;
 But with his wife endeavours seeks to guide
 His slender Pinnace, and to curb the pride
 Of the rebellious waves, and doth addresse
 His care to crown his voyage with successe:

Our life's the voyage, and this world the Ocean;
 Our cares are waves tost in continuall motion;
 Our thoughts are busie windes, that often blow
 Too strong a Gale, and tosses to and fro
 Our crazie Vessels: Every soul does bear
 The office of a Pilot, now to steer,
 Now to advise, and still to lay commands
 Upon th' Affection-Saylors, whose rude hands
 Are alwayes active, ready to fulfill
 The wise directions of the Pilots will.

It matters not, my soul, how long or short
 Thy voyage be, if safe, they gain the Port
 With best advantage, that in peace arrive
 With ribs unshook, and all their men alive.
 It lies not in the skilfull Pilots power
 To avoid tempestuous Seas, but to endure;
 'Tis wisdom to endure, as well as doe;
 Who bravely suffers, is victorious too.

Then cheer, my soul, let not the frowns of earth
 Disturb thy peace, or interrupt thy mirth:

Let

*Verf. Let not that rude, that Apogean storm
Of flesh and blood dismay thee, or deform
The beauty of thy thoughts, or cast thy minde
Into a base dependence: Let the winde
Blow were it please, a well-prepared brest
Will give thee shelter, and afford thee rest.*

*When worldly crosses tempt thee, understand
Heav'n tries thy temper then; If then thou stand
Upright in Court, and of unshaken minde
The Test approves thee, and thou art refin'd.*

*Then chear, my soul; Let not the rubs of earth
Disturb thy peace, or interrupt thy mirth;
If heav'n hath crown'd thy labours with successe,
Enjoy it freely; Eat and drink, and blesse
The gracious giver; Let thy soul rejoyce*

*And take a chearfull pleasure in the choice
Of all delights; and what his bounty gave
With a free hand, fear not thou to receive
With a free heart: Refresh thy fainting head*

8. *With precious Oyles, and change thy carefull bread
To feasts of Joy; Or if a crosse should greet
Thy frolique soul, march bravely on, and meet
Adversity half way; and with a heart
Too great for earth to wrong, shake hands and part.*

*Chear then my soul; Let not the rubs of earth
Disturb thy peace, or interrupt thy mirth:
Goe, sweeten up thy labours and thy life*

9. *With fresh delights: Rejoyce thee in the wise
And partner of thy bosome; Let her brest
Suffice thee as the Center of thy rest:
Deny thy heart no pleasure, that may lye
Within the lawfull limits of thine eye.*

*Take time while time shall serve; To morrow may
10. Be none of ours; Come, come, be wise to day;*

And

*And teach thy labours to bestow their sorrow
On those that practise to be fooles to morrow.*

CAP. X.

*1 Observations of wisdom and folly. 16 Of Riot,
18 Slothfulnesse, 19 and money. 20 Mens thoughts
of Kings ought to be revered.*

Look how dead flies (though few in number) soil, *1. Vers.*
Corrupt and putrefy the purest Oil:
Eyn so a little folly stains his fame
Whom fair Repute for wisdom lends a name.
A wise mans heart is plac'd at his right hand, *2.*
His plots and counsels are of strong command;
But hearts of fools are weak and rash, bereft
Of sage advice; their hearts are at their left.
Nay, if their steps but measure out the way, *3.*
Their Garb, their Looks, their Language do betray
Their folly, read by whomsoever they meet;
Themselves proclaim their selves in ev'ry street.
If thy Superior happen to incense *4.*
His jealous wrath at thy suppos'd offence,
Doe thou thy part and yeild, for yeilding flakes
The raging flame, that great transgression makes.

I see an ev'ill beneath the Sun that springs *5.*
From error, reigning in the breasts of Kings:
Fools are made Statesmen, & command at Court, *6.*
And men of parts are made the lower sort.
So have I seen proud servants mounted high *7.*
On Lordly Steeds, and Lords to lackey by.
He that shall dig a pit, that shall prepare *8.*
A snare, shall be ensnar'd in his own snare.

H

And

- Verf.* And he that tramples down a hedge shall meet
A Serpent to salute his trampling feet.
9. He that shall shake a stone-compacted wall,
Shall undergoe the danger of the fall :
Who undertakes to cleave the knotty Oak,
Shall be a painfull partner in the stroak :
10. But if th' unwheeled edge be blunt, the arm
Must give more strength, & so receive more harm ;
But if he challenge wisdome for his guide,
Wisdome will doe, what painfull strength deni'd.
11. The rash reproving mouth of fools are arm'd
Like unenchanted serpents, if not charm'd.
12. The wise mans words are gracious, where they go,
But foolish language doth themselves o'rethrow.
13. Folly brings in the Prologue with his tongue,
Whose Epilogue is Rage and open wrong.
14. The fool abounds in tongue, there's none can know
What his words mean, or what he means to doe.
15. The tedious actions of a fool doth try
The patience of the weary stander by ;
Because his weaknesse knows not how to lay
His actions posture in a Civill way.
16. Woe to the Land, whose Princes wisdome swayes
The Scepter, in the nonage of her dayes ;
And whose grave Rulers, that should haunt the seat
Of sacred Justice, rise betime to ear.
17. Blessed art thou O Land, when as thy King
Derives his royall blood from th' ancient Spring
Of Majesty, and Rulers timely diet
Serves to maintain their strength, & not their riot.
18. By too much slothfulnesse the building falls
Into decay, and ruine strikes her wals,
And through the sluggish posture of his hand
The weather-beaten house forgets to stand :

Who

Who eats and drinks and frolicks, uncontrol'd, 19. Verse.
 Maintaining riot with his wanton gold.
 Curse not the King, nor them that bear the sword, 20.
 No, not in thought, tho' thought express no word;
 The fowls of heav'n shall vent such hideous things,
 And swift Report shall fly with secret wings.

SOLILOQUIE X.

BUt ah, my soul! How closely folly cleaves
 To flesh & blood! How mungrell nature weaves
 Wisdome and folly in the self-same Loom,
 Like webbe and woof, whereby they both become
 One perfect webbe to cloath our imperfections
 With Linsy-woolsey, and our mixt affections
 With foolish wisdome! O how full of earth
 Was our first Ore, which at our sinfull birth
 Was taken from the Womb; Now purifi'd
 In sacred Fires, and more then seven times tri'd
 In sharp afflictions furnace; yet how base
 Our Bullion is! not worthy of the Face
 That makes us currant; O how apt and prone
 Is flesh and blood to fall, if let alone
 But one poor Minute! Most in danger then
 To be surpris'd and foyl'd with Folly, when
 Our bold Presumption tempts our thoughts to prise
 Our wisdoms over-much, and seeme too wise.
 How one rash action; O how one dead Flie
 Embalm'd in thy sweet Oyle does putresce
 Thy Box of Spikenard! How it casts a shame
 Upon the beauty of thy honour'd Name!

1.

O then, my soul, take heed to keep thy heart
 At thy right hand; There, there she will impart

2.

H 2

Continuall

*Verf. Continuall secrets, and direct thy wayes
In sacred Ethicks, sweetning out thy dayes (reach
With season'd Knowledge, knowledge past the
Of black-mouth'd Error, shall instruct and teach
Thy tongue wise silence; Wisdom when to break
Thy closed lips, and Judgement how to speak:
Shee'l teach thee Christian Policy, and how*

4. *To keep thee safe when as thy Princes brow
Shall threaten death, even when the flame shall flye
Like horrid Lightning from his wrathfull Eye.*

I, but the rage of Princes oftentimes

*Darts Lightning at the Person, not his Crimes;
And their misguided will oft times demands
Obedience there, where Conscience countermands.*

*Take heed, my soul; Thou tread'st upon the Ice,
Be not too vent'rous here, nor too too nice:*

*Rush not too bold; thou may'st as soon convince
An Error in thy Conscience, as thy Prince.*

*To lay commands upon indifferent things,
Is a sole Royalty belongs to Kings.*

*If here thy conscience doubt, the Book of Life
Must cast the balance, and decide the strife:*

If this way, thy enforced obedience then

Must stoop; If that, Please rather God than men.

*If th' Embers of his rage should chance to lye
Rak'd up, or furnace from his angry eye,*

4. *Quit not thy duty: 'Tis thy part to assuage
The jealous flames of his consuming rage.*

What, if through Error or misguided will

He leaves the way to Good, and cleaves to Ill;

Lend him thy Prayers; Lament, advise, persuade,

Lift not thy hand, nor let thy tongue upbraid

His sacred Person; Hee's by heav'n appointed

To be thy Prince; O touch not heav'n's Anointed.

What

Verf.

What, if he lend the fulnesse of his pow'r
To those imperious Spirits that devour
Subjects like bread, and drink the loyall blood
Of men like water; men, not once allow'd
To plead for life; but silently subscribe
To those that cannot judge without a Bribe?

What, if his power pleases to commit
His past'rall staffe to such as are more fit
To kill and eat, or recommend his flocks
To such dum dogs, of whom nor wolfe nor fox
Will stand in awe, or shew their feares by flight,
That have not tongues to bark, nor teeth to bite?
Rebell not thou, nor in a hostile way
Accost thy Prince; Or suffer or obey.

What if the Common Favorite of the times (climes
(The Courtyl Fool, grown great with count'nance) 6.
Up to a Lordship, when the Man of merit
Broke on the wheel of Fortune must inherit
Nothing but scorn and want; and a poor name
Betraid to pity, and to empty Fame?
Be thou thy self, let not thine eye be evill:
To a wise heart both hills and dales are levell.

How happy is that land, how blest the Nation 17.
Whose Prince directs by Power, not by Passion?
Whose sacred wisdom knowes how great a price
True vertue beares, and how to punish Vice;
Whose royall Majesty, and princely love
Can both incorporate, and joyntly move
In a self glorious Orbe, and from one Sphear
Breathe such rare influence of love, and fear
Into the hearts of Men, that all the land
Shall cry a Solomon, and sweetly stand
Rapt with sweet Peace, and sacred admiration:
How happy is that land, how blest the Nation!

CAP. II.

1 Directions for Charity. 7 Death in life, 9 and the day of judgement in the days of youth, are to be thought on.

- Verf. 1. **V**Pon the waters let thy bread be cast, (past.
And thou shalt find it when some dayes are
2. Give lib'rall Almes, for it's unknown to thee
How full of wants thy after days shall be.
3. If clouds be full, will they deny to powr
Their fruitfull blessings in a lib'rall show'r :
Or North, or South, or wherefoere the Tree
Shall fall, no question it shall fall to thee.
4. He that observes the winde shall never sow :
Who marks the clouds shall never reap nor mow.
5. Like as the Embryo's growth within their wombs,
Is strange to thee, and how the soul becomes
The bodies inmate, ev'n so all the rest
Of Heav'ns high works are strangers to thy brest.
6. Cast thou thy morning seed upon the land,
And at the evening hold not back thy hand ;
For who is he can tell thee which of these
Shall prosper best, or bring the best encrease :
7. 'Tis true, the light is sweet, and every one
Takes pleasure in the world-rejoycing Sunne :
8. But who lives many joyfull years, if he
But count how long his after shades shall be
In earths dark bosome, how can he refrain
To think these short-liv'd flattering pleasures vain :
9. Rejoyce, o young man in thy youthfull ways ;
Let thy heart cheer thee in thy youthfull days,
Delight

Delight thine eyes, thy heart, and take thy way; Verſ.
 But know that heavens accompt will find a day.
 Then baniſh falſe-ey'd mirth: Be diſpoſſeſt
 Of thoſe lewd fires that ſo inflame thy breſt;
 For childhood, youth, and all their joyes remain
 But for a ſeaſon, and they all are vain.

10.

SOLILOQUIE XI.

*S*O now my ſoul, thy wiſdome-ſeaſon'd breſt
 May eat and drink, and labour, and digeſt
 Thy carefull morſels, and with holy mirth
 Diſperſe the clouds of melancholy earth:
 Now maiſt thou ſit beneath thy cluſtred Vine,
 And preſſe thy Grapes, and drinke thy frolick wine
 In ſoft and plenteous Peace, and leave to morrow
 To bear the burden of her ſelfe-borne ſorrow:
 Now maiſt thou walk ſecure from all thoſe threats
 Of peeviſh Fortune, and the ſly deceits
 Of flattering pleaſure: Plenty cannot drown
 Thine eyes in mirth, nor miſery caſt thee down:
 If the blew Raſters of the falling ſkies
 Should leave their ſpangled Manſion, and ſurpriſe
 Thy feeble ſtrength, well may their ruines ſmite thee;
 And grinde thy clod to duſt, but not affright thee.

What want'ſt thou then, my ſoul, that may augment
 The reall happineſſe of a true content?
 What vertue's wanting now, whoſe abſence may
 Encourage bold-fac'd vanity to betray
 Thy even-ſpunne dayes to ſorrow; or occaſion
 Thy fair-contriv'd deſignes to taſt vexation?
 Wouldſt thou have Honor? thou enjoy'ſt it: Treasuſe?
 Thou haſt it: wouldſt thou gain the greater pleaſure
 of

*Of a true noble Spouse; whose life may show
Vertues rare quintessence? Thou hast that too :
Wouldst thou have hopefull Sonnes to crown thy Last
With Peace and Honour? Such rare Sonnes thou hast:
Thy Princes favour? Or thy peoples love?*

*All this thou hast: Wisdome in things above?
Thou hast it: Knowledge in these Toyes beneath?
Thou hast it: Skill in th' Arts? or curious breath
Of whispering State? All this thou hast: Where, then,
Shall thy new wishes fix, Rare Man of men?*

*I, but my soul, one good is wanting still
To summe a full perfection, and to fill
Thy Cruise with happinesse: which if possessest,
Thou hast a Diademe, crownes all the rest:
Hadst thou the tongues of men, and couldst thou break
Thy lips in Oracles; Or couldst thou speak
The dialects of Angels when they sing
Their sacred Canzons to their Sovereign King,
A tinkling Cymball, or the hideous sounds
Of discomposed discords, or the Rounds
Of frolick midnight madnesse would requite
Thy wild attention with as much delight,
And breathe as sweetly in the Almightyes care
If heart-rejoycing Charity be not there:
Hadst thou what strength the Parnassean Muse
Can blesse thy fancy with, or heaven infuse;
Hadst thou a Faith to make the mountaines fly
In the vast Orbe, like Atomes in thine eye;
Lesse then those Atomes would thy faith appear,
If faith-confirming Charity be not there:
Shouldst thou, to purchase heaven, renounce thy Right
Of all thy goods, and turne an Anchorite;
Or should thy courage, to deserve the name
Of Martyr, give thy body to the flame,*

When

When that blood pleads, heaven will not lend an eare
If heav'n-engaging Charity be not there.

Since then, my Soul, both Faith and Works lie dead
If Charity fail, be wise, and cast thy bread
Upon the Waters; As the Waters runne
Deal thou thy dole, untill thy dole be done.

1. Vers.

Man is Gods Husbandry; If then the Plough
Of carefull want hath struck the furrow'd Brow,
And make it fit for seed; Hold not thy hand;
He robs himself that faintly sows the Land:
Stay not for showres; The soile, if overflowne,
Will drown thy seed-corn, and return thee none:

6.

Let not some weeds discourage thee to sow,
The Plough will root them up; or if they grow
Too sturdy for the Coulters point to kill,
Fear not thy harvest; A hard Winter will.
Cast not lank grain upon too lean a ground,
Fair Crops from off all Corn are rarely found.
Sow closely what thou sow'st, and least in sight,
The eyes of Doves will make thy harvest light:
But stay! Thou mayst surcharge as well as sterve
The soile; But wise men know what seed will serve:
Thy work thus wisely done; what, then, remains?
Give Heav'n the glory, and expect the Gains.

C A P. XII.

1 The Creatour is to be remembred in due time. 8 The
Preachers care to edifie. 13 The fear of God is the
chief Antidote of vanity.

Remember thy Creator in thy prime (time
Of present youth, before the black-mouth'd
I OF

- Vers.* Of sullen age approach ; before the day
 Thy dying pleasures find a dull decay ;
2. Before the Sun, and Moon, and Stars appear
 Dark in thy Microcosmall Hemispher ;
 3. Before the Clouds of sorrows multiply,
 And hide the Chrystall of the gloomy sky ;
 Before the Keepers of thy crazy Tow'r
 Be palsie-stricken, and thy men of pow'r
 Sink as they march, and grinders cease to grind
 Distastfull bread, and windows are grown blind.
 4. Then shall the Castles two-leafd gates be barr'd
 When as the Milstones language is not heard ;
 The horn-mouth Belman shal affright thy slübers,
 Thy untun'd ear shall loath harmonious numbers :
 5. Each obvious mole-hill shall encrease thy fears,
 And carefull snow shall blanch thy falling hairs ;
 A fly shall load thy shoulders : Thy desire
 And all thy bed-rid passions shall expire.
 Pale death's at hand, and mourners come to meet
 Thy tear-bedabled fun' rals in the street.
 6. Then shall the sinews silver cord be los'd,
 Thy brains gold bowle be broke : The undispos'd
 And idle liver's fountain dri'd ;
 The bloods Meandering Cisterns unsuppli'd.
 7. Then shall the dust her dust to dust deliver,
 Whose spirit shall return to God the Giver.
 8. Where to th' Ecclesiastick thus replies,
 All, all is vain, and vaineſt vanities.
 9. Because his true repentant soul was wise,
 He read this wisdom-lecture, did advise
 And search the Fountain, whence he did convey
 The fruitfull streams in a Proverbiall way. (might
 10. He sought and found such words, which had the
 To entermingle profit with delight ;

And

And what his spirit-prompted pen did write Vers.
 Was truth it self, and most exact upright.
 The wise mans words are like to Goats, that doe 11.
 Stir up the drowzy, and spur up the flow:
 And like to nailes to be made fast and driv'n (v'n.
 By hands to th' hearts of men sent down from hea-
 Make use, my Son, of what this hand hath penn'd, 12.
 There is no end of Pamphlets to no end;
 These tire the flesh, and after age is spent,
 They breathe some knowledg, but no true content.
 Mark then the ground where the main building 13.
Fear thou thy God, Observe his just commands. (stands,
 Within the limits of this sacred Ground
 Mans duty lies; true Happineffe is found:
 No work shall passe untri'd: No hand hath done 14.
 What shal not plead at heav'ns Tribunall Throne:
 All secrets good and bad attend his Eye;
 His Eyes behold where day could never pryce.

Deus his quoque finem.

SOLOLOQUIE XII.

NOW launch, my soul, into this Sea of Tears;
 Fear storms and Rocks, yet smile upon thy fears;
 Weigh Anchor; Hoist thy weather-beaten Sails;
 The Tides run smooth; The wind breaths proff'rous
 Tridented Neptune now hath struck a peace (Gales.
 With full-mouth'd Æolus, and the wars surcease:
 They sound a parley, and begin to treat,
 And Sea-green Triton sounds a shrill Retreat.

March now, my soul, through Hadadrimmons Kale
 Without a tear; or if thou must bewaile,
 Mourn for vain Earth, and drop in alms one tear
 For him that findes no happinesse but there.
 Now mayst thou trample on the Asp, and tread
 On the young Lyon, and th' old Dragons head;
 Wisdome shall guide thee, Love shall circumslope thee,
 That fraud shall not beguile, or force oppose thee.
 Thy Prince shall honor thee, thy Peers embrace thee;
 No Crime shall shame thee, & no tongue disgrace thee;
 The rich shall rev'rence thee, the poor shall blesse thee;
 Wrath shall not over-rule, nor pride oppresse thee;
 Thy want shall not afflict, nor wealth betray thee,
 This shall not puffe thee up, nor that dismay thee:
 Pleasure shall not ensnare, nor pains torment thee,
 This shall not make thee sad, nor that repent thee.
 Blest shall thy labours be, and sweet thy Rest;
 Blest shall thy thoughts be, and thy Actions blest;
 Blest in thy peace, and blest in thy promotion;
 Blest in thy sports, and blest in thy devotion;
 Blest in thy losses, blest in thy encreases;
 Blest in thy health, and blest in thy diseases;
 Blest in thy Knowledge, blest in thy Corrections;
 Blest in thy Soul, and blest in thy Affections.

O then, my soul, let thy Affections flow
 In streams of love to Him that lov'd thee so;
 Let not His high-pri'd benefits depart
 From thy remembrance, grave them in thy heart
 With Tools of Adamant, that they may last
 To after-times, that when thy days be past,
 Thy well-instructed children may emblaze
 Thy Makers goodnesse to the last of days.
 Blesse thou the Lord, my soul; Let thy whole frame,
 And all within thee magnifie that name

That

That blest thee so; Blesse thou the Lord, my soul,
 Report his precious favours, and enroll
 His numerous mercies in thy gratefull brest:
 Remember thy Creator; O protest
 His praises to the world, and let thy tongue
 Make him the subject of thy youthfull song;
 Give him the firstlings of thy strength, even then
 When fading Childhood seeks to ripen man
 Upon the downy cheeks; when vigour trains
 The sparkling blood through thy Meandring veins;
 Before thy flowing marrow shall foment
 Thy lustfull fires; before the false content
 Of frothy pleasures shall begin to invite
 Thy fond Affections to a vain delight.
 Then, then, my soul, whilst thy supplies are fresh
 And strong, wage war with thy rebellious flesh;
 Gird up thy loyns, and march; spare neither sweat
 Nor blood, take courage, strike, subdue, defeat:
 Sing a triumphant song, sing Io Pæan;
 Adorn thy brows with Palm, and again sing Io Pæan.
 Take time while time shall serve; 'tis thine to day,
 But secret danger still attends delay.
 Doe while thou mayst; To day has eagle wings,
 And who can tell what change to morrow brings?
 Advantage wafts, and strength of body wears,
 Life has no lease, and Youth, no Term for years:
 When creeping Age shall quench thy sprightly fires,
 And breathe cold Winter on thy chill desires;
 What fire shall burn thy Offerings? O what praise
 Can issue forth from cold decrepit dayes?
 When ebbing bloods neap-tides shall strike thy limbs
 With trembling Palsies; When dry Age bedims
 The optick sunshine of thy bed-rid days,
 What boots thy cold, thy Paralytick praise?

Verf.

6.

3.

2.

When secret Ulcers shall attaint thy breath
 With fumes more noysome then the finks of death,
 What pleasure shall thy great Creator raise
 From thy breath-tainted, and unsav'ry praise?
 Come then, my soul, Rouze up thy dull desire,
 And quicken thy faint coals of sacred fire,
 That lie rak'd up in th' Embers of thy flesh;
 Fetch breath from heaven, & with that breath refresh
 Thy glim'ring sharks: Brook not the least delay,
 Embers grow cold, and sparks will soon decay.

THE END.

In obitum viri clarissimi, atq; ingeniosissimi Poëtæ,
Francisci Quarles, Oslowiæ.

I Cygne felix, ocyus avola,
 Cantator ales, cum neque jam vada
 Ripis supersint, nec quietæ
 Purus aqua fluat (ecce!) rivus;
 Fontes nec ipsi: Sanguine, sanguine
 (Heu!) cuncta manant; quod mare civica
 Non decoloravêre cedes?
 Ipsa, vides, rubet Hippocrene.
 Et quis poëtis jam locus aut latex?
 Quæ lymphæ Musis? cum cruor undique.
 Hinc, hinc migrandum, ni bibemus
 Purpureas Heliconis undas.
 At ô Camenarum & dolor & decus;
 Tu si recedas, quis tua funera
 Cantabit, ô divine vates?
 Quo moritur moriente Phœbus.
 Quisquâne fundet jam querulum melos?
 (Falsum nec omen nominis hoc tui;)
 Mæstûmve panget carmen arte,
 Melpomenes citharâ tanoribus?

Quis

In obitum Francisci Quarles.

*Quis certa cælo jam dabit ? aut pium
Emblema texet floribus ingenti ?*

Quis symbolorum voce pictâ

Vna oculos animûmq; pascet ?

*Quis melle puro jam, calami potens,
Condita promet dia poëmata ?*

Aut funditabit, grande, sacro

Enthea metra calens furore ?

*Quis sanctitatem nectâre carminis
Tinctam propinans, digna Deo canet ?*

Cælûmq; versu claudet omni,

Atque fidem fidibus sonabit ?

Tu nempe litem, si pote, publicam

Compescuisses dulcisonis modis,

Ni lava nobis mens, & orbi

Harmoniam reducem dedisses.

Mollisse magnos tu poteras duces,

Feras ut Orpheus flex animis sonis ;

Pacemque pulsam, jûsque mundo, ac

Eurydicen retulisse cantu.

Per te coïssent disita pectora,

Per te coïssent diruta mœnia :

Tu solus Amphion perireas

Vel lapides sociare plectro.

Postquàm hoc negatum ; ponere noveras

Emblema saltem flebile seculi,

Belliq; : nostris sed nec ullum

Par Hieroglyphicum ruinis.

Quando ergo te nec terra capit, tuis

Nec digna Musis ; I, pete cælites,

Intérq; cætns Angelorum

Perpetuum modulare carmen.

Jacobus Duport, Græcæ

Linguz Professor

Cantab.

An Elegie upon the famous Poet

FRANCIS QUARLES.

IS Quarles dead? his active spirit flown
And none to lend a tear, a sigh, a groan,
For the worlds losse? me thinks at least all eyes
(Since tongues can not) should weep large Elegies.
Expect no Muses; for they at his death
Compassionate, lost their Poetique breath.
Expect no marble Tombe; he's above fate;
His name (if Learning live) shall know no date:
His issue shall survive posterity,
This age and th' next, and so t' eternity.
Peruse his Phanxies, and his Emblems wrapt;
And see S. Paul into the third heav'ns rapt:
Or else some Cherubim sent down from thence
T' unfold heav'ns Mysteries in heav'ns Eloquence.
A Poet-saint he was, in him each line
Speakes out at large rare Poet, choyce Divine.
His message done, he flies unto his Maker,
Of what he told us here, to be partaker.
His prison'd soul was so harmonious here;
Now loose, what Musick, think you, makes she there!
She wept, then sung; now sung, 'gaine wept in rime:
Her Rests now know no stop, her joy no time.
Her Phansy Vision is, she now doth live
With Angels food, knowledge intuitive.
By Emblems dark to spell the Deity
She taught before, now sees Divinity.
But stay my Muse: the clouds doe interpose
Twixt thee and her; 'tis better for thee close,
Then pierce, or peep too farre. Phœbus is set;
Th' hast pay'd thy tribute light, thy tribute bear,
Sigh out the rest: or wouldst thou to him go,
Thy Love, thy Life? Go be entomb'd too. R. Stable.

FINIS.